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What's new

THE U.S. OPEN could be a word and colorful event. Alfred Wright describes the battle at Oakmont for golf's big title, and John Zimmerman's color camera focuses on the leaders.

"PRAY BORROW" the umpires shout in Japan, where several U.S. ballplayers are now striking it rich. Don Conroy reports on the growing number of Yanks as big leagues there.

STIRRING TENNIS is still to be seen at "the Championships" in Wimbledon. The show begins once again, and Arnie André practices reads to it in words and pictures.

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POINT OF FACT

A Wimbledon quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of casual fans and armchair experts

? Although Wimbledon is famous for its annual All-England Lawn Tennis Championships, tennis was not the first sport played at the club. What was?

• Croquet. In 1869 the All-England Croquet Club was formed at Wimbledon. It was not until 1875 that part of its ground was set aside for tennis. Two years later tennis had become so popular at Wimbledon that the club's name was changed to the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club. Then, in 1883, Croquet was deleted from the club's title. Twenty years later, however, the title of the club that holds the Wimbledon championships was changed, for the last time, to the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club.

? When was the first tennis championship held at Wimbledon? Who won?

• The first tournament was played in 1877. Spencer W. Gore won the men's singles (the only event) by beating W. C. Marshall in the final, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

? When were men's doubles, mixed doubles and women's events established as part of the Wimbledon championships?

• A men's doubles competition was started in 1879, but it was played at Oxford until 1884. The first women's singles championship was held in 1884, attracting an entry of 13 players. Maud Watson became the first woman champion when she beat her sister Lilian in the final, 6-8, 6-3, 6-3. The mixed and women's doubles were introduced in 1913.

continued

M1

who is

1 Pinin Farina? 2 Vittorio Jano?
3  5 Juan Manuel Fangio?

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POINT OF FACT continued

? *Has anyone ever won the Wimbledon singles, doubles and mixed doubles championships in the same year?*

• Yes, Suzanne Lenglen took all three titles in 1920, 1922 and 1925. Louise Brough won them two times (1948 and 1950), and Alice Marble (1939) and Doris Hart (1951) each won them once. Don Budge was the only man to win all three events two times (1937 and 1938). Bobby Rags, playing in his first Wimbledon championship, won the three titles in 1939 as did Frank Sedgman in 1952.

? *Who was the youngest player ever to win a men's or women's Wimbledon title?*

• Miss Lottie Dod won the women's singles in 1887 at the age of 15 (under the existing rules her record cannot be broken as no one under the age of 16 can compete). Miss Dod went on to win four more championships and then in her early 20s retired to devote her time to golf.

? *Who was the first American to win the Wimbledon singles title?*

• May Sutton, at the age of 18, won in her first attempt in 1905. She was singles champion again in 1907.

? *Who was the first American man to win the singles championship?*

• Bill Tilden, in his first appearance at Wimbledon, won in 1920. He repeated in 1921 and nine years later, at the age of 37, won again. That 1930 title was Tilden's last championship as an amateur.

? *Who holds the record for winning the most singles titles?*

• Mrs. Helen Wills Moody won eight titles, one more than Mrs. Lambert Chambers. Mrs. Moody, who took her last championship in 1918, won her first four titles in consecutive years (1912-1919).

? *Who were last year's Wimbledon champions, the 75th meeting, especially pleasing to the British?*

• For the first time in 47 years there was an All-British women's final. Furthermore, when Angela Mortimer beat Christine Truman in the final, she became the first English champion since 1937.

—NANCY PIERCE



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SHOPWALK

The new Ruger carbine is a lightweight semiautomatic rifle that fires a whopping .44-magnum revolver cartridge.

The short, lightweight lever-action carbine, which first gained wide acclaim as a cavalry shoulder arm during the Civil War and later as the all-purpose saddle gun for buffalo hunters, gun fighters and cow hands, has been one of the most popular sporting firearms of American big-game hunters for the past century. Rugged and portable, this versatile "little rifle" was, and still is, considered the ideal short-range gun for hunting deer in the brush country of Maine, Michigan, Texas and Oregon, mountain lion in the Southwest or black bear and wild boar in the dense thickets of the Great Smokes in North Carolina and eastern Tennessee.

So popular has the carbine been, that some 4 million were made in the past 60 years. Winchester alone has sold more than 2.5 million lever-action carbines. Two years ago Remington came out with a pump-action carbine and followed it last year with a gas-operated semiautomatic modeled after the World War II M-1 carbine. Both of Remington's carbines are cut-down versions of Remington rifles and were added to the company's line of sporting arms to meet the ever-increasing demand in this country for shorter, lighter big-game rifles.

Crowded market

The American shooter thus had a choice of good carbines in three actions and at least 10 calibers when William B. Ruger unveiled another gas-operated semiautomatic carbine a year ago. Ruger, a shy, reticent man of 45, had established Sturm, Ruger & Company (Southport, Conn.) as a noteworthy competitor in a bustling industry and earned a reputation as a gambler with a genius for designing sporting firearms and selling them. But it appeared doubtful that even Ruger could design a carbine new enough to sell in an already glutted market.

The Ruger carbine is new, however, in design and caliber, and it is selling. It combines the solidness and appealing lines of the old western saddle carbine—including a sturdy oil-finished walnut stock with a flat comb, a curved metal butt plate and a tubular magazine en-

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SHOPWALK - continued

cased in a protective wooden forearm with a modern gas-operated semiautomatic action. And it is the first shoulder arm chambered for the powerful 44-magnum cartridge, an excellent brush load for plowing through twigs, leaves and even high swamp grass.

While studying old western saddle guns a few years ago, Ruger discovered that in 1873 Winchester had introduced a carbine chambered for the 44-40 - a Colt revolver cartridge of that era. The idea was intriguing and Ruger revived it by selecting the 44-magnum cartridge (the most potent revolver cartridge in the world) for his new carbine. Measuring slightly more than 1½ inches in length, this snub-nosed cartridge is heavier (240 grains) than most modern brush loads. It is a slow, short-range cartridge (muzzle velocity: 1,850 feet per second), accurate up to 150 yards but dropping considerably 84 inches at 200 yards.

Light but accurate

The choice of a short cartridge enabled Ruger to use a short bolt and an 18½-inch barrel, thus saving weight without sacrificing accuracy. The carbine weighs less (5½ pounds) and is considerably shorter (36½ inches) than any other on the market. For a light gun firing such a big cartridge, the Ruger carbine has surprisingly little recoil.

This is primarily because of a complicated system of carefully balanced mechanisms, the most important of which is a powerful recoil spring that cushions the rear movement of the slide and bolt. Like all gas-operated firearms, the carbine has a port in the barrel that relieves some of the gas from the barrel after the bullet has left the muzzle, thus reducing back pressure and recoil even more.

Although distribution was delayed during the 1961 big-game season because of minor design revisions, the few hunters who obtained these guns had good success on whitetail in New England and Texas, boar in Florida and even leopard, hyena and wart hog in Africa. The Ruger carbine sells for a competitive \$108 and comes equipped with front bead sight and single rear folding sight, a satisfactory arrangement for brush shooting. A low-power scope can be attached. Optional sling swivels are available, but hunters really don't need a sling to carry this handy, well-made gun.

DUNCAN BARNES

SCORECARD

STOLEN PROPERTY

Because of the burlesque that football recruiting has become, attempts to be serious about it always sound like lawsuits against hot dog factories, and everybody goes home laughing. The pity is that it has reached such a state. Last week Frank Howard of Clemson and Marvin Bass of South Carolina wailed in harmony against Army's Paul Dietzel (SI, May 28). Dietzel had begged two South Carolina prizes who had already indicated they'd play in-state. "Makes me so mad I just don't feel like paying my taxes," growled Howard. "Peppodent Paul is trying to get the cream of our crop," cried Bass. Dietzel stoutly defended free enterprise and the taxpayer's money (Army, he said, recruits solely on funds earned at the gate).

There was more. Army's outriders had his Tennessee, too, and one coach declared that if Dietzel was calling his players Chinese Bandits they ought to call him Genghis Khan. Previously, SMU's Matty Bell objected heatedly to a U.S. Navy plane's Easter weekend flight which carried four SMU recruits to Annapolis for a "visit." Kentucky cried raid against Miami and Purdue. Kansas and Kansas State duelled over a 190-pound tackle. And on and on.

We find these charades ludicrous, but so are they odious and demeaning—to school, to coach and to player. Often they smack of impropriety. It is time they were stopped.

THE MAN-BOYS

The limbs of professional baseball players are not as pretty as those of Marlene Dietrich, but they are nearly as valuable and deserve comparable care and devotion from their owners. They don't get it. Instead, ballplayers tend to be lovably indiscreet, fetchingly quixotic. Mickey Mantle, with the kind of limbs he has (fragile), is given to kicking water coolers when flustered. Willie Mays used to hurry home from the Polo Grounds to join the neighborhood stickball games in which he'd blithely dodge fire hydrants and taxicabs in the pursuit of fly balls.

Uncle Wilbert Robinson would have been killed had not a grapefruit been substituted for the baseball he was to catch as it dropped from an airplane. The grapefruit splattered on Uncle Robbie's head. Duke Snider ruined his arm trying to throw a ball out of the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Latest zany is Frank Thomas, strongest (and maybe the only) hitter the New York Mets have, daring rivals to test their speedballs against his bare hands from pitcher's mound to home plate. Thomas caught Don Zimmer's fastball recently and escaped without injury, holding up his horny hands in a grand show of defiance. Thus encouraged, he is ready to take on the best arms in the league, and has, in fact, made the challenge. For the sake of the Mets, who need all the unbroken bodies they can find, we hope he gets no takers.

NOTHING LIKE A CLAIM

Those of us who like clear-cut decisions had one last week in the Belmont Stakes (see page 14), but for a few minutes after the race it seemed dreadfully probable that a foul claim or inquiry would intercept the official result. This didn't happen, praise be, but within the last year 18% of the nation's Thoroughbred races, with a value of \$50,000 or more, have been marred by claims and inquiries. By contrast, in 1960 the proportion was 5%.

The foul claim enjoys full voice today for several reasons, foremost of which is that jockeys are riding for steadily increasing purses. Sometimes a rider will claim foul in a close race simply in the hope the patrol film will show something; or, when his horse is clearly second best, he may be tempted to overtake the leading horse by illegal methods, figuring that at worst he will only be relegated to second place. Some track stewards draw their conclusions solely from what they see in the patrol films, and though these films are a definite technological advance, their quality varies from track to track. Patrols still lack three-dimensional lenses. Late-afternoon shadows play tricks. Oddly, when most personal fouls

are committed on the inside, or blind side, no track has yet seen fit to put camera towers in the infield.

Small wonder the stewards and their findings have been inconsistent. As for their penalties, we wonder if it might be wise to revive the old disqualification rule: if a jockey's number comes down, it comes down all the way—not to second, but to last. And stiff suspensions would be a sure cure for frivolous tries at winning a race in the movies.

CRAZZE!

Politics and love, as waged by the French, have long mystified the non-Frenchman, and he will be equally mystified at what they are now doing to bridge. They have dragged it from amongst the tea sandwiches and off the commuter trains where it belongs and are taking it to court. *L'affaire*, says the French bridge magazine, *Le Bridgeur*, is "too complex" to report on, but we're going to try.

Two years ago a Mme. Albarran, widow of a bridge star and owner of a bridge club, accused two other celebrated players, Bouchtoff and Delmouly,



of "forming too close a pair" (i.e., cheating). Almost immediately things began to not happen. Bouchtoff and Delmouly, surprisingly, did not sue for slander. The Fédération Française de Bridge did not allow them to play tournament bridge for a year for not revealing the accusation. And it has not allowed Mme. Albarran to play any tournaments for two years, presumably for having created a scandal.

Mme. Albarran, obviously the member of this group who likes a little action, is now taking the Fédération into court on grounds that it has caused her "prejudice, personally and professionally." She refuses to discuss it further ("My lawyers won't let me; I don't know why.

continued

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SCORECARD —continued

but they won't"), and neither will *Le Brigades*, La Fédération, Delmouly or Bouchioff. This undiscussed case, resulting from an unexplained accusation, will soon go into court, with a former Prime Minister of France, M. Edgar Faure, representing Mme. Albarin. M. Faure is described as helping with "one aspect of the case, which aspect is not divulged," because, Mme. Albarin says, "I asked him. And also for a thousand other reasons."

There now, *Budapest*, what do you mean, "too complex"?

SOME RAIN DID FALL

Seneca Indians staged a mock rain dance on the edge of the parched, smoldering Florida Everglades last weekend and—as if truly on call—the showers came. They were scattered but gave relief to weary fire fighters who had battled the blaze across 60,000 acres of Everglades National Park (SI, June 4). By Sunday, park spotter planes reported all clear.

But even as relief came to the Everglades, fires flared afresh on its west coast, threatening the National Audubon Society's 6,000-acre Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary 30 miles south of Fort Myers. The fire had burned 100 acres of the sanctuary's 900-year-old cypress forest, the last big stand of virgin bald cypress in the U.S. Rallying to the new threat, local citizens provided bulldozers and draglines, and firemen worked side by side with state foresters.

At 3 p.m. Saturday an inch of rain fell, and this time the white men danced as the fire, 100 yards from the nearest big trees, subsided. But it still burns underground in the dry peat and could pop up again anywhere. The big rains, badly needed to end the danger and bring wildlife back to the parklands, still did not develop. "These scattered showers are welcome," said one ranger, "but what we need is a real frog-strangler."

AIN'T DOWN YET

Farragut High of Knoxville, Tenn., has neither track nor track team, but it does have Robert (Handyman) Galbraith. Robert is a basketball star who is loath to be idle. With time on his hands during the track season, he foraged into a neighbor's discarded lumber pile and with the salvage (and some clever action with friction tape) constructed hurdles, jumping pit and vaulting uprights in his backyard. From a nearby field he

chopped himself a cane pole ("never had a real one"). A discus was borrowed from a neighboring school, and his uncle loaned him the family heirloom, a Civil War cannonball, which you couldn't tell from a standard shotput but for the hole in the center.

Robert of Farragut entered small meets unabashed, perfecting his style, waiting his chance. Then last week he went to Nashville for the state decathlon championships. Was Galbraith sensational? Did he win medals? Did he break records? No, he pulled a leg muscle and withdrew from the last six events. Was he downhearted? Well, yes. But down he was not. He hurried home to Knoxville where there were still two places for him in the Farragut High dance band, known as "Dr. Al and the Patients." Handyman Galbraith writes his own songs, sings them and triples in brass on the saxophone and trumpet.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- The American Football League may vote this month on expansion into Atlanta and New Orleans, effective 1963. The league will add two teams or none. Tulane is believed ready to rent the Super Bowl to an AFL franchise.
- East Germany has been denied visas for the world wrestling championships in Toledo, June 21-27, but there will be no complaints from the Communist bloc; this is election year for the international federation and the Reds want to be in on the vote.
- Dean Look, former Michigan State star, is quitting baseball (Savannah of the Sally League) to try pro football with the AFL Buffalo Bills. He says he got tired of riding buses through Georgia in 110° heat.

A PITCH IN TIME

Chapel Hill, N.C., has a Little League that is really small. One team in the league had one Negro boy. The team didn't mind, but the league's board of directors was all agog over the thought of a Negro child in such proximity to whites. Roy Cole, board chairman, suggested to Coach Tom Scism that he drop Jerry Gardner, the board "decided it was traditional," he said, that Negroes could not play in the league (one thing about tradition, it doesn't usually take any "deciding"). Scism refused, and last week the board terminated the season.

This is when Chapel Hill's social conscience came to the rescue. A new organization, supported by the ministerial



can take it...or leave it

**New self-powered Remington® Lektrotron II® lets you shave cord-free
... or plug it in and shave directly from an outlet.**

Lektrotron II is actually a cordless shaver and a cord shaver in one.

Self-powered, it frees you to shave anywhere... indoors, outdoors. It needs no cord. No outlet. No sink. Just whiskers. Simply flick the switch and shave away. Powerful, rechargeable energy cells store up power for shave after cordless shave.

Forget to recharge? No problem. The new Lektrotron II has reserve power. Just plug in the cord, flick the switch and shave from



any 110-volt AC outlet. Either way, with the Lektrotron II you're never without a shave.

And what a shave! No blade, no electric can touch it for closeness, for comfort. You *roll* your whiskers off (and get a gentle massage in the bargain) with exclusive Roller Combs that adjust to your beard and skin.

Stop in at any Remington dealer and try the Lektrotron II, the shaver that can take it or leave it. You'll take it.

*Trademark of Spry, Reed Corporation

Why I decided to make "adult" clubs for young people

BY BEN HOGAN



Most of you know youngsters who are either talented golfers, or who show promise in learning the game. Unless, however, they are big enough to use "adult" equipment, they have had to play with "toy" clubs, or adults' "cut down" clubs.

Professional and good amateur golfers across the country share my dissatisfaction with this equipment. My staff and I decided to make clubs suitable for youngsters and to make them to the same standards of perfection we apply to our regular line.

After extensive research into youngsters' size requirements, we introduced two lines: Little Ben Clubs for ages 6 to 10, and Ben Hogan Junior Clubs for ages 10 to 14. I cannot overemphasize that these sets, which include woods, irons and a putter, are fully comparable with our adult equipment. They are made under my supervision by the same highly skilled craftsmen, and subject to the same critical quality control standards.

In the few months since their introduction, Little Ben and Ben Hogan Junior sets have met with enthusiastic acceptance. We accept this as proof that a real need has been filled. If a youngster in your family is learning—or wants to learn—to play golf, you can give him a head start with a set of Ben Hogan clubs suitable for his age. At the same time, you'll be keeping him physically fit.

Your Golf Professional has complete details on Little Ben and Ben Hogan Junior sets. All Ben Hogan golf equipment is sold only through Golf Pro Shops.



A—LITTLE BEN for ages 6 to 10. Complete set—five clubs with bag and head covers—\$41. Includes driver; #3, #5, #9 irons; and putter.

B—BEN HOGAN JUNIOR for ages 10 to 14. Complete set—right clubs with bag and head covers—\$73. Includes driver; #3 wood; #3, #5, #7, #9 irons; putter; and utility wedge.

AMF Ben Hogan

SCORECARD continued

association, announced it would replace the Little League program and permit desegregated teams. The news prompted a general outpouring of appreciation. Especially from Coach Seism, who explained that Gardner is the only player he has "who can throw the ball from the pitcher's mound to home plate."

SPEEDY RECOVERY

The American wife is up against some really discouraging competition from the White House these days. A defeatist she most certainly is not, yet it must sometimes occur to her that the chances of having Pablo Casals in to fiddle for friends is remote. Jaqueline is fortunately only a temporary affliction, but it tends to recur with certain headlines like ulcer pains. We are pleased to report, then, that a member of our staff recently hit upon an effective panacea. He was able to secure for his beloved a ride, at racing speeds, with none other than Juan Manuel Fangio, the world auto-racing champion five times over. Mr. Kennedy's charming wife has had many rich experiences, but never this one.

Admittedly, Señor Fangio made the 5,400-mile trip from Buenos Aires to the racetrack at Lime Rock, Conn., not to entertain ladies, but to promote the British Motor Corporation's Austin 850 and Austin Cooper cars. Nevertheless, Fangio granted our young friend a spin in an Austin Cooper, the quicker of the two cars (top speed, 90 mph), and threw the little machine into a full-power slide at every corner. After two laps the lady's eyes were shining. "Fantástico," she said to Fangio, who knows little English. "Mucho gusto," replied Fangio, as well he should, for he had cured the lady of one malaise—and given her another.

THEY SAID IT

- Willie Mosconi, on the rise of billiards: "Now, I'd like to put pool in nice places with plush carpets. Put it in the light where everyone can see and enjoy it."
- Jack Kearns, manager of Archie Moore, reflecting on Moore's draw with Willie Pastrano: "It proves that not all the thieves are fighters and managers."
- Mary Levy, California football coach: "Roger Stull is our best punter. He also is the only man we've got who can snap the ball back on punts. You have to admit it's an interesting situation."



How little does it cost to run a big sports car?

Triumph's new sports car, the TR-4, lists for \$2849*—less than a run-of-the-mill convertible. It doesn't use much gas. You get about 30 miles per gallon.

But money couldn't buy a more magnificent piece of machinery. 105 horsepower. 110 mph top speed. The best engineering Britain offers. For instance, all speeds are good

speeds for the TR-4. Torque, or thrust, is high whether you go fast or slow.

Other surprises: synchromesh on all 4 forward gears. Disc brakes. Wider track for a smoother ride. Direct rack-and-pinion steering (feels like power steering, but it's much more responsive). You can see the TR-4 today in all 50 states and Canada at any of the 650-plus dealers. Notice

the coachwork (it won a gold medal in London). Roll up the windows. Stretch out in the leather seats.

Get a test drive. You'll soon discover why over 60,000 Americans say there's nothing like a Triumph.

TRIUMPH TR-4

*F.O.B. factory. Actual dealer price may vary. Dealer's suggested retail price. Tax, title, license, license fee, and optional equipment extra. © 1965 Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. All rights reserved. Triumph Motor Co., Ltd. 5400 Eglinton Ave. West, Scarborough, Ont., Canada M1V 4Y5.

Sports
Illustrated
JUNE 18, 1962

THREE FOR THE

John G. Zimmerman



MONEY

by WHITNEY TOWER

The three colts blazing through the stretch (below) are running the race of their lives. The three jockeys are approaching the climax of their efforts for a winning ride. One of them, Willie Shoemaker on Japur, having held, maneuvered and finally driven his horse with magnificent skill, is about to win the Belmont Stakes—the horseman's race, the mile-and-a-half test of 3-year-olds that is the most demanding of the classics that make up the Triple Crown. Willie and Japur are in the center; on the rail is Braulio Baeza on Admiral's Voyage; on the outside is Manuel Ycaza on Crimson Satan.

At the finish, as 50,000 spectators strained to see, it was Shoemaker and Japur by a slender nose, the end of a brilliant ride. This was a Belmont that will

as narrated on page 28





TOP PRIZE CHANGES HANDS as the strong fingers of Thunderbird winner Littler (left) firmly accept the first-place check from the grip of pleased tournament promoter, Auto Man Gene Kroll.

Golf's richest first prize—the juicy \$25,000 check shown above—was handed to Gene Littler last Sunday afternoon at the Upper Montclair (N.J.) Country Club, thus bringing a fitting financial conclusion to what had become an intriguing, and somewhat perilous, sporting venture. Gene, of course, didn't even change his expression; he never does. "It's the biggest check I ever won," he told the assembled sponsors of the Thunderbird Classic Invitational, who had put up a grand total of \$100,000 in prize money as a low-key promotion patch for the Newark District Ford Dealers Association. "I like the trend."

Oddly enough, this was the first big-time golf that the New York area had seen—except on television—in three whole years. And it was a wonderful tournament, handsomely produced and excitingly played. Sam Snead, that old man whose instincts are fastest when the money is biggest, moved to the front briefly on the second day with a very fine 66, six under par. On the third day Jack Nicklaus bettered this by a stroke with a 65, knocking in 10 birdies in the final 14 holes after three-putting the first three greens. For a moment it looked as if

Jack, who was then tied for the lead with Dow Finsterwald, might win his first tournament after scarcely more than five months as a pro.

On the final day, however, Littler, who had been playing the same kind of effortless and consistently brilliant golf he had shown earlier in the year, brought home a magnificent 67 for a 72-hole total of 275—13 under par. Nicklaus, who finished two strokes behind Littler, took the runner-up check of \$10,000 and Finsterwald finally tied for third with Wes Ellis Jr.

As a prelude to next week's Open championship at Oakmont, the Thunderbird brought speculation that Littler was in just the right shape to defend his title. Asked what he thought his chances were, he replied, "Nil." Asked why, he said in his self-deprecatory manner, "There's too much dog in me." But Sunday afternoon at Upper Montclair his fellow pros were calling him a wealthy dog.

There are two schools of thought among leading professional golfers on the wisdom of playing a tournament in the week before the U.S. Open. One believes the week should be religiously

and rigorously devoted to practice rounds and a study of the contours of the course where the Open is going to be played. The other group holds that a final tune-up in competition whets the mind and muscles. But this year the two schools were united, cemented by the new Thunderbird's \$100,000 prize purse—a sum so round it warmed the hearts and perhaps dampened the palms of all the touring pros. Even so rich a golfer as Arnold Palmer was not about to disregard a first prize of \$25,000. "Who's going to pass up that kind of money?" he said some months ago when asked if he would enter the Thunderbird. As events turned out, he should have stayed at home. He got only \$460 for finishing a sad 35th, and then he cut his hand unloading his baggage Sunday night, a three-stitch injury that could affect his play in the Open.

In the past only three golf tournaments have ever put up a prize equal to Thunderbird's hundred grand. One was the now defunct World Championship of Golf, a promotion by the late George S. May at his garrish Tam O'Shanter Country Club outside Chicago that lasted from 1954 to 1957. The others were the



GOLF, AUTOS AND THE IMAGE MAKERS

The biggest winner's purse on the tour is put up by some publicity-conscious car dealers, and is accepted with pleasure by Gene Littler

by ALFRED WRIGHT

1960 Palm Springs Desert Classic and this year's Masters.

When the idea for the Thunderbird was first seriously discussed a scant 10 months ago, there was agreement on the need for a powerful stimulus, such as a \$100,000 purse. New Yorkers and their suburban neighbors are tough and jaded customers who like to believe they won't watch anything that's not first class. Sometimes, as it turned out, they won't watch even then. Craig Wood, a onetime Masters champion and one of the best pro golfers of the 1930s, knew this as well as anyone, since Craig is a New Yorker himself. Even so, it was the plan of Wood, by now a Ford dealer in Ashbury Park, N.J., and his fellow Ford dealer, Eugene Kroll of Long Branch, to sponsor a golf tournament for the New York area in the name of all their fellow Ford dealers.

The going was a little heavy at first. A lot of the dealers in the vicinity of New York City—presumably the non-golfing tennis players, bowlers and TV watchers—were not convinced a golf tournament would sell cars. However, selling cars was not the main concern of Wood and Kroll. They were interested

in prestige. Golf is a "prestige" game, they argued. Ergo, a high-class golf tournament would heighten the prestige of the Ford dealers, to say nothing of all car dealers, in the area. "Building the dealer image" was the theme they kept running up the flagpole.

The first problem involved in promoting a \$100,000 golf tournament is where to get the \$100,000. Wood and Kroll had the answer to that one. Each Ford dealer is normally required to put between \$13 and \$20 into an advertising kitty every time he gets a car from Detroit, the selling price of the car determining the amount. Usually this money is spent by the Ford dealers of a particular area on billboards, radio and TV spot commercials and newspaper ads. Wood and Kroll wanted to take \$100,000 or more out of this budget and apply it to the golf tournament as a form of institutional advertising. They felt that in a community of 11 million people a lot of potential customers would respond favorably.

The dealers, in what Ford technically knows as its Newark District—where the advertising pool will total about \$1.5 million this year—liked the idea, and the

PGA granted last week's playing dates. Now it was only a matter of finding a suitable golf course and the right people to tangle with the surprisingly complicated details of a major golf promotion.

Not many country clubs like to have the pros and their galleries tramping all over their premises for a week, so the only hope of finding a suitable private course for a tournament is to locate a club that is not averse to publicity, or to making a little money. Fortunately, Wood and Kroll found just the golf course they needed in just the right spot—the Upper Montclair Country Club, located in Clifton, N.J., only 30 minutes of turnpike-type driving from midtown Manhattan.

Since a pro golf tournament may make a profit for the host club of some \$25,000 to \$50,000 (it can lose money, too), a lot of Upper Montclair's members liked the idea. What's more, the Ford dealers agreed to cover any losses. When Jesse White, an enterprising and enthusiastic New Jersey chemical company owner, was elected club president last November he rallied the membership behind the idea. Thus the Ford dealers ended up with a fine Robert Trent Jones golf

continued

course, which easily ranked among the dozen or so best 18 holes that the pros would be likely to see all year.

The Ford dealers recognized that their golf tournament must be a very soft sell. Harold Galloway, the chairman of the Newark District Ford Dealers Association, put it this way: "We want people to think of us as good citizens, good business people in our community. We hope to let people know that auto dealers care about something besides automobiles. We are trying to make a better image in the community."

Gene Kroll added, "If people think more of us we'll sell more cars. You go to a store to buy a dress because the store has a good name. It's a name store. Our purpose in putting on this tournament is to build up our image as human beings. We have sunk low in the public's estimate. Once it was the thing to make cracks about minority groups, but that isn't allowed now. Now people make fun of us. If I meet a man on the street and he asks me what I do, I tell him 'I'm in real estate. I won't tell him I sell cars.'"

It was Kroll's idea to name the tournament after the Thunderbird car. "That's our prestige car," explains Galloway. "Golf since Eisenhower has developed as a participation sport and also as a tremendous spectator sport, and it's a sport that carries a lot of prestige. So we wanted to associate our tournament with the car that has the most prestige. Also, we figured the pros would be more apt to use the word Thunderbird than the word Ford. It wouldn't sound quite so commercial." This play was not wholly successful. The Associated Press called the tournament rather abruptly the Classic and warned editors to leave Thunderbird out of the title or else delete the A.P. identification.

Inasmuch as the Thunderbird was strictly an advertising venture, the Ford dealers wanted to spend money, not make it. So they told the Upper Montclair CC to pick out a worthwhile charity with which to share the profits. The club chose MEND (Medicine to Eliminate Nerve and Muscle Disorders).

The club agreed that two-thirds of the net profits of the tournament would go to MEND, and the club could keep the remaining one-third for itself. And just in case there weren't any net profits, Club President White, who also became the tournament's general chairman, decided to stage a one-day pro-amateur

WHAT A MAJOR TOURNAMENT COSTS

The Upper Montclair Country Club budgeted \$200,000 to stage the Thunderbird, as shown below. Ford dealers put up all prize money and agreed to cover any deficit.

\$30,000	Course preparation and rehabilitation (fertilizer, paint, etc.)
30,000	Security, 80 to 100 plainclothesmen
21,000	Seven percent federal admission tax
15,000	Construction of scoreboard, signs, tents
15,000	Expanding power facilities for telephone and television
10,000	Publicity, including three pre-tournament press luncheons
7,000	Twenty-two thousand yards of snow fencing to surround course
7,000	Printing of badges (12 different types) and 145,000 tickets
5,000	Liability and property insurance
4,000	Professional Golfers' Association tournament fee
3,000	Rent of 50 comfort stations
3,000	Twenty miles of rope to keep spectators off fairways
1,000	Uniforms for caddies and messengers
1,000	Photographs for future use by the club
500	Marshals' hats
25,000	Set aside as share of Thunderbird-connected golf exhibitions
22,500	Extra personnel and miscellaneous administrative expenses
\$200,000	

event before the Thunderbird Classic began, all gate receipts to MEND.

Pro-am tournaments have grown into such a fad in recent years that some of them charge amateurs as much as \$300 apiece for the privilege of playing golf in partnership with the name pros. In the case of the Thunderbird the amateur's fee was \$100. Since 5,000 people paid \$5 apiece to watch this rather ponderous event, the gate added up to a sizable contribution for MEND.

Because the Thunderbird Classic was the first major golf tournament to reach the New York area since the 1959 U.S. Open at Winged Foot, everyone anticipated that the golf-starved multitudes would swarm over the Upper Montclair course in unprecedented numbers. William Peto, the club member who chaired the admissions committee, at one point estimated that as many as 120,000 spectators might converge on Upper Montclair during the four-day period, with the Sunday crowd reaching as high as 45,000 to watch the finish. Although figures on golf attendance are elusive at best and imaginary at worst, it is unlikely that more than 22,000 people have ever watched a golf tournament on a single course on a single day. Nonetheless, the Thunderbird budget (see box) was predicated on a four-day crowd of 60,000—an average of 15,000 per day.

The work and enthusiasm so many of Upper Montclair CC's members

poured into the tournament was typical for such golf ventures—and prodigious. Chairman White virtually abandoned his chemical business during the three months preceding the event. Among the various committee members were five company presidents, two vice-presidents, a judge, a sportscaster, the treasurer of a pharmaceutical company, the vice-president and dean of English at New York University and a stockbroker. The only paid member of the executive staff was Fred Coreoran, a veteran golf promoter and former director of the PGA tour who was called in for advice several months ago. "Five million dollars couldn't pay for the amount of work that has been done by the members," said Tournament Chairman G. Norman Widmark, a Newark lawyer. "You have \$75,000 and \$100,000-a-year men showing pros the locker room and acting as greeters."

As in most sports events, one of the most lucrative sources of revenue was the program, a slick-paper book running to 142 pages and carrying 95 pages of advertising, mostly from friendly local merchants. The members themselves rang doorbells to sell the ads at \$600 a page. The program sold for \$1 a copy. Other income was to come from the car-parking concession, 15% to 30% of the net profits of the food-and-drink concession and the food and liquor sales inside the clubhouse itself.

It was agreed in advance that the TV rights for the final hour of Sunday's play would be given to NBC-TV without charge so that the Ford dealers could buy the advertising time at a minimum rate. NBC thereupon sold them the time for \$90,000, of which the parent Ford Motor Company of Detroit paid \$65,000. In addition, the Newark-area dealers spent \$50,000 for radio, newspaper, local TV and billboard promotion.

Playing the soft-sell theme at an absolute minimum, the club and the Ford dealers kept the Thunderbird name and product as inconspicuous as possible on the club premises. An exception was a creamy new T-Bird that sat on the lawn just off the 18th green. It was being raffled at \$1 a chance by seven local hospitals who were permitted to keep all the proceeds from their ticket sales, which topped \$35,000. Over the big official scoreboard a sign proclaimed that this was the Thunderbird Classic, and in the driveway outside the club 25 brand-new T-Birds sat at the ready with pretty lady club members at the steering wheels ready to drive the con-

testants to their destinations. In a slight show of class consciousness two golfers got to keep their T-Birds throughout their stay—Palmer and Gary Player. All cars, of course, were provided by the local dealers.

New York, New York!

It was, all told, an orderly and excellent promotion designed to take advantage of the surging national interest in professional golf—but it could hardly be considered an unqualified success. New York sportswriters are fond of telling their readers that they live in a wonderful sports town, but this is a myth. The sad fact is that only about 30,000 paid to see the Thunderbird Classic in its four days (though the announced figure was 40,000). Its biggest crowd, Saturday's, barely reached 10,000, less than half what Augusta, Ga. (pop. 70,626) produced on the Saturday of its 1962 tournament.

The disappointing box-office revenue—estimated at \$130,000—seemed to limit any hope of balancing the club's tournament budget without Ford dealer

help. After taking a fast look at Sunday's cozy gallery, Dealer Kroll observed wryly that the tournament officials were trying to decide whether to inscribe the winner's \$25,000 check, "Do not deposit until Labor Day," or just, "Insufficient funds." "We are all," he said sadly, "in a hanging mood."

When the preliminary figures were reviewed on Monday after the final stroke was struck in the Thunderbird Classic, it appeared that MEND had little but its proceeds from Wednesday's pro-am, \$25,000, that local hospitals had their raffle cut, that the Upper Montclair CC had a freshly fertilized, heavily trampled golf course and that the Newark District Ford Dealers Association had paid about a quarter of a million dollars to improve its image.

But what's so wrong with all that? The fans who came saw a fine golf tournament, there's talk of another \$100,000 Classic next year and Gene Littler can happily defend his U.S. Open title while whistling that couplet from an apt wine commercial. "What's the word? Thunderbird?"

ENO

AUTO DEALER KROLL (LEFT) AND CLUB PRESIDENT WHITE MEET BEFORE ONLY COMMERCIAL DISPLAY ALLOWED ON THE COURSE



THE RUGGED SPORTS OF ETON

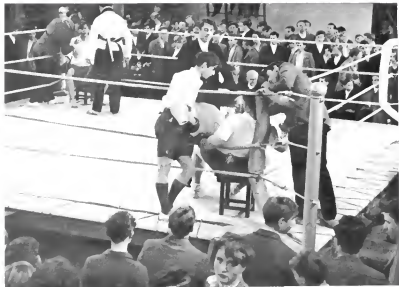
In spite of their elegant morning coats and fancy pants, the well-born boys of Eton College, England's most celebrated "public" (i.e., private) school, are tireless devotees of sport. Their athletic tradition is long—the school was founded in 1442—rowdy and storied, even though Wellington never really said all that about their playing fields. What the duke did say was that he owed his own spirit of enterprise to the "tricks I used to play in the College garden." Now, with equal spirit, Etonians play a host of violent games, in uniform (like the natty young gentlemen playing the Field Game at right) and out.

CONTINUED









ETON SPORTS *(continued)*

"Gentlemen may not make any unnecessary noise," commands a notice in an Eton College gym. So, suppressing his urge to grunt, the Etonian at left manfully, and mutely, lifts his barbell. A recent innovation, weight lifting is considered "hardly on," but boxing, "fives"—a form of handball (right)—soccer, Rugby, cricket, fencing, rowing and running have long been thoroughly on. Whatever you're doing, you pretend not to care a fig. No Etonian would ever think of warming up. "We've known chaps go straight from a rugger match into a boxing tournament," says one tutor. "So nice, so terribly natural."

CONTINUED





Of all Eton sports, the Wall Game is the most hallowed, and the most futile. Not a goal has been scored since 1909. The main point of the game is to move a ball past a certain mark on an old wall and thus earn the right to try for a goal. Etonians maintain that it is really an intellectual exercise. "The secret,"



says one, "lies in knowing at precisely which point in the heap to push your fist to be most effective." To pursue this study without losing an ear, they wear woolen helmets, as well as uniforms of studied and raffish antiquity. It may seem like mayhem, but at Eton you get caned anyway if you fail to exercise.

CHAOS, INC.



On September 25 Chicago will be the scene of a heavyweight championship fight between the incumbent, Floyd Patterson, and his challenger, Sonny Liston. If form means anything, Chicago also will be the scene of more confusion than the Honorable Richard J. Daley, mayor, has ever experienced. To be sure, a heavyweight championship fight always tends to be a somewhat tumultuous and disorganized affair. But this one carries a built-in guarantee of confusion: it is promoted by Championship Sports, Inc., an outfit that specializes in promotional bedlam. It is no simple task even to determine who is Championship

Sports, Inc. Subject to hourly change, substitution and correction, the dramatic personae in CSI appear to be:

Tom Bolan, 38, a tight-lipped partner in Roy Cohn's law firm and the president of CSI.

Al Bolan, 33, Tom's "nice guy" brother, Brooklyn-bred sports editor of the *Greenpoint Star*, a neighborhood weekly. New to the big money, well-meaning, but inexperienced. Vice-president and general manager of CSI.

Roy Cohn, 35, onetime boy gumshoe for the late Senator Joe McCarthy, now a Wall Street lawyer and budding industrialist (Lionel Corporation). Until

recently, Cohn has been too busy flitting from one thing to another to bother with CSI on a daily basis.

Bill Fugazy, 37, Cohn's buddy. In the travel business. May or may not have an interest in CSI—it depends on who's talking. If it's Fugazy, the answer is yes. If his associates, no.

The involved history of this merry band dates back to the fall of 1959 when Cohn and Fugazy took over an outfit called *Future Sports*, the main chunk of debris remandered from the Bill Rosensohn promotional debacle. Neither of them knew anything about boxing, so Bill's uncle, Humbert (Jack) Fugazy,

Championship Sports, Inc., born Feature Sports, has earned the name because of the blunders it has made in promoting title fights around the country. This fall CSI will get a whack at the city of Chicago

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



a respected boxing man highly regarded by Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, was made the promoter. Tom Bolan became treasurer.

Uncle Jack was slowly eased to one side by his nephew and Cohn, and the second Patterson-Johansson fight at the Polo Grounds in New York almost literally turned into a riot. The crowd totaled 50,000, but only 32,000 had paid to get in. The rest were gate crashers. Spectators adopted a first-come, first-sit policy, with squatter's rights paramount. Many with \$100 tickets couldn't see the fight because of the glut in the aisles.

Although Uncle Jack and Ned Brown,

another respected boxing figure, who was handling publicity, had warned that extra guards would be necessary, their warnings were disregarded. When the whole mess was over, Bill Fugazy airily blamed the police. "The cops' fault," he announced. To which Police Commissioner Steve Kennedy retorted, "The police function is to enforce public law for the protection of all the public and not to assist fight promoters who chisel on expenses."

Ned Brown, who left Feature Sports after the fight, has expressed an intention to sue. "I wasn't paid what I was promised," he says, "and they didn't pay the expenses guaranteed to me." Brown, who is 79 years old, says, "Over the years, I've never had an experience like this."

With ill will festering in New York, Feature Sports sought a new site for the third and final Patterson-Johansson fight. In July of 1960 Bill Fugazy announced that the fight would be held in Los Angeles Coliseum on November 1, and said he expected a million-dollar gate. The fight was held in Miami Beach in March 1961, and it grossed a live gate of about \$500,000.

What happened in Miami Beach was more preposterous than what had transpired in New York. Says a Miami sports-writer: "The promotion was one massive blunder." Cohn, Fugazy and Tom Bolan were coldly formal. They seemed to take the attitude that they needed no help from the locals. Only Al Bolan, brought in as general manager, put himself out. "What do you know about boxing?" Bill Fugazy demanded of one boxing commissioner. "You're just in the whisky business." This prompted one columnist to write that Fugazy's father "should take his offspring to the woodshed and, with an old-fashioned belt, teach him some manners."

The daily ticket-sale announcements were wildly imaginative. The ticket office repeatedly issued erroneous statements as to how much would be in the till. One day it would be several hundred thousand dollars, the next day half that. The seating plan kept changing with

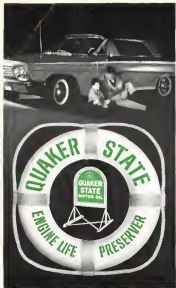
the advance-sale announcements, and anyone who bought a ticket had no idea of where he'd wind up sitting. Three hours before the fight, the promoters panicked. Seats in six \$100 locations were restamped \$20—on the back. All the time this was going on, Bill Fugazy was denying it was happening.

Scalpers quickly tumbled to the move. They began paying \$20 for \$100 tickets inside, then moved outside where they flashed the \$100 side and unloaded them for the bargain price of \$30. Of course, customers who had paid \$100 weren't overjoyed when they found themselves flanked by latecomers who had spent only \$20 or even \$30.

In the spring of 1961 Feature Sports was replaced by a new organization, Championship Sports, Inc. Basically it contained the same cast of characters as Feature Sports, but the Bolan brothers, whom Floyd Patterson likes, moved up front, and Cohn and Fugazy slid back into the shadows. Uncle Jack Fugazy was made "director of boxing activities" and was informed in July he would receive no pay. A month later he filed suit against Feature Sports, nephew Bill, Cohn and Tom Bolan for more than \$130,000 he says was due him from the two Patterson-Johansson fights. "Roy Cohn, Bill Fugazy, Tom Bolan, they are the three principals," Uncle Jack says with feeling. "I'd ask them [for the money], and they'd say, 'Next week.' But next week never arrived. Probably they feel that if they don't pay anyone, you'll pass away. They probably feel that way about me. [Uncle Jack is 75.] But I'm in much better health than they think. I'm willing to take all three in the ring and beat their heads off."

Uncle Jack does not try to restrain his anger toward his nephew and Cohn. "You never met two people," he says, "who, according to their talk, control the universe. They know who to put their hands on. But when they need something, they come crawling. It makes me sick when I talk about them. Not

continued



Best engine life preserver— Quaker State Motor Oil

MADE FROM 100%
PURE PENNSYLVANIA
GRADE CRUDE OIL

play better golf with a Super Maxfli

DISTANCE. No ball gives you greater distance than the Super Maxfli. Tests prove there is no longer ball.

ACCURACY. No ball plays more accurately off every club because no golf ball is made more accurately.

CONSISTENCY. No ball delivers more consistent performance. Every Super Maxfli, built and tested within exceedingly narrow limits of internal compression, plays outstandingly the same. Stays white longer, too!

You'll never know how good you are until you play a Super Maxfli.

Dunlop

**Super
Maxfli**

Sold only in Pro Shops



CHAOS, INC. *continued*

one of them knows a thing about boxing. They have done more to kill boxing than all the mobsters put together."

Also suing Feature Sports is Eric Schoepner, the German light-heavyweight, whose title bout against Archie Moore was canceled. In turn Feature Sports blames Moore for the cancellation and is suing him.

With the Bolans out in front, Championship Sports has not improved on Feature Sports' tendency to blunder. First Tom Bolan announced that Patterson's next opponent would be either Henry Cooper of England or Eddie Machen. After Bolan called that one wrong, Bill Fugazy showed up in Europe proclaiming, first from Geneva, then from Rome, that he had matched Johansson with Sonny Liston. Tom Bolan next announced that Patterson would fight Tom McNecley in Boston in the fall of 1961. The fight was first scheduled for September, then "definitely" October 23 and finally November 13. As it turned out, Bolan was one-third right. Patterson fought McNecley in Toronto in December.

The promotion was not exactly a screaming success. For one thing, Toronto didn't like being used as a dumping ground for Boston. For another, McNecley continued to train in Boston, thereby minimizing the opportunities for giving the fight a little hoopla. (Of course, there are those who say that if Toronto fans had seen McNecley train in person the gate would have been even smaller.) And, finally, CSI brightly picked December 4 as the date for the fight, expecting to capitalize on the huge crowd that had jammed into Toronto for the annual Grey Cup pro football game. The only trouble was that at Grey Cup time Canadians don't care about anything but football. They couldn't be bothered if Alaska declared war. As a result, the fight drew a mere 7,813 fans and a live gate of \$106,740.

CSI's latest misadventure occurred recently when it prematurely announced that the Liston-Patterson fight was set for New York. The announcement came before Liston had even applied for a license, and when the New York commission turned Liston down because of his dubious record, CSI was hooked. Thus Chicago, which is even touchier than Toronto about hand-me-downs, gets what New York rejected.

continued

that's right!



Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

Some filter cigarettes taste too strong—just like the unfiltered kind. Some taste too light—and they're no fun at all. But Viceroy tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.

Smoke all seven of the leading filter brands, and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . some taste too light . . . but Viceroy's got the taste that's right. That's right! That's right!





© M&R, 1984

The only all extra quality Scotch
(it's on the label and in the bottle)

But if the visible activities of Championship Sports are perplexing, the internal affairs of the corporation are flabbergasting. It is as if everyone had agreed not to agree with anyone else. Al Bolan says he has a 15% stock interest. Big Brother Tom says Al has only 9%. Al says Roy Cohn will not be actively involved with the fight. Cohn, already atwitter at press conferences, says, "I have a very active interest in it." Cohn says AT's job is merely to look after "the day-to-day details," Al says, "I'm the promoter of the fight." According to Tom, Cohn owns 50% of the stock (Al thought Cohn owned about 33%). Al says Bill Fugazy has nothing to do with CSI. Fugazy runs around saying he has a piece of CSI. The only certainty appears to be that he has, by his own admission, no official voice in CSI—for the moment, anyway. In a recent interview with Sid Ziff of the *Los Angeles Times*, Fugazy told why he was inactive. "A lot of the big companies I did business with frowned on my affiliation with boxing," he said. "I like the fight game. Maybe I should have made the sacrifice and remained active in it. Boxing needs sincere, respectable, substantial business people in it. But I figured I couldn't jeopardize my position in it by remaining active."

Despite Fugazy's assertion that he has a substantial interest in CSI, pal Cohn denies Bill has any interest at all. In fact, Cohn denies Bill ever had any interest in CSI. (But last June, Tom Bolan announced that Fugazy had relinquished his interest in CSI. Fugazy immediately denied this, saying, "I have not sold my interest in Championship Sports and have no intention of doing so." Tom didn't clarify matters by then saying, "There is some misunderstanding on Bill's part. It is my understanding that he has relinquished his interest.") Asked if there is a chance Bill might wind up in CSI, Cohn says, "Always a possibility."

What will happen to Chicago when this muggle's nest is set down there in September remains to be seen. Chicago is a tough town with a strong instinct for self-preservation—it is built on the ashes of the great fire of 1871, and it has survived Billy Sunday, Al Capone and the Chicago Cubs' rotating coach system. This long experience with adversity certainly will be of value when Cohn & Co. blow into town.

END

**Jumbles,
wiggles and
waves
are what you
don't
get with
Ray-Ban
Sun Glasses**



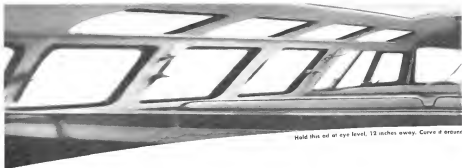
You can't see the distortions and imperfections in ordinary sun glasses, but tired, uncomfortable eyes tell you they are there, especially when you're actively using them out in the sun. That's why Ray-Ban Sun Glasses cost more—from \$4.95 up. With them you get genuine Bausch & Lomb optical glass lenses, ground-and-polished-to-curve to the same high standards as Bausch & Lomb prescription lenses. Color and thickness are perfectly matched with no jumbles, wiggles and waves. You get clear, safe, glare-free vision all day long. Plain (non-prescription) Ray-Ban Sun Glasses are available at optical offices and fine stores everywhere. Try on a pair...you won't settle for less. For free style folder, write...Bausch & Lomb, Rochester 2, New York.

**Over 90 stunning frame styles and
colors for men and women**



BAUSCH & LOMB *Ray-Ban*[®] **SUN GLASSES**

Wear glasses? You can have Ray-Ban Lenses ground to your prescription.



Hold this ad at eye level, 12 inches away. Curve it around.

The Volkswagen Station Wagon: You either love it or you hate it.



Some people will never buy a VW Station Wagon.

It's not everybody's little box on wheels.

On the other hand, once we get a customer on our side, it's usually for keeps.

It's that kind of car.

Then again, it does seem to be a strange sort of animal at first glance: no tail, no fins, no wings. Looks like a bus?

You might say that.

But don't let its shape fool you. It holds more people and more things than the biggest conventional wagons.

Yet it's a good 4 feet shorter than the big boys because all the room is on the inside.

There's much more room than you've ever seen in any regular wagon.

More headroom.

More storage room.

A full-sized playpen (with full-sized baby) goes right in; the center seat comes right out.



No, you can't park it here.

Or it can hold an open bridge table, complete with players and kibitzers.

Now that you're inside, look up. The sky comes



The world. (As seen through the sun-roof.)

down to meet you. Some view!

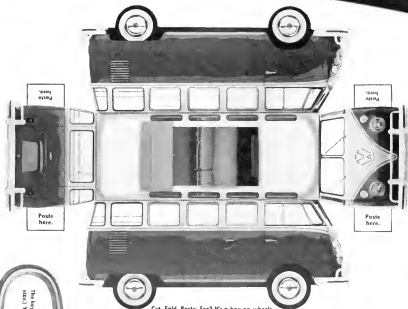
There's a huge sun-roof above you and 23 windows all around. (Why other station wagons are still in the dark about sun-roofs is a mystery.)

But what you can get into the VW Station Wagon doesn't compare to what you can get out of it.





Like Cinemascope. You're in the Volkswagen Station Wagon.



Cut. Fold. Paste. See? It's a box on wheels.

You'll average something like 25 miles to the gallon, give or take a couple of miles.

Oil? You'll probably never need any between changes 35,000 miles on a set of tires won't raise any eyebrows

Except possibly your own.

(We know people who've gotten 60,000)

Our wagon would turn up its nose (if it had one)

at water or anti-freeze. It never touches either one because the engine is air-cooled. No radiator, no radiator problems. (Your temper might boil over in hot weather, but not your car.)

\$2,655* buys the deluxe VW wagon. The standard version is \$2,275. White walls optional.

After you've given it a once-over, there are really only two possibilities.

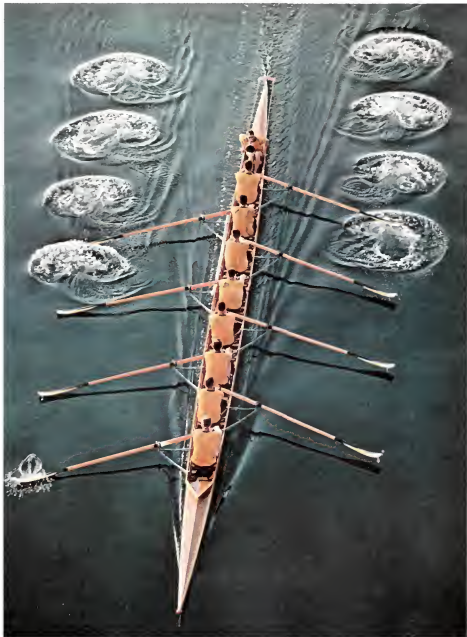
Love it you may, hate it you might

But ignore it you can't.

*MSRP. Excludes tax, license, title, and dealer fees.

POOLS OF POWER

Patterns of swift symmetry like those formed on the waters of the Severn River by the Navy crew at right are aspects of rowing visible to all. Less visible from the shore but just as apparent in closer views (following pages) are the strength and the strain, the fury and the fatigue that go into making those patterns. Despite the demands of this exacting sport, some 5,000 ambitious oarsmen in more than 60 U.S. colleges bend their backs to the sweeps with fantastic devotion each year. This week some of the best of them will race in the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships on New York's Onondaga Lake. A month from now on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River the same dedicated rowers or others like them will be defending the honor of the U.S. against the first Russian shell ever to enter the annual Independence Day regatta.

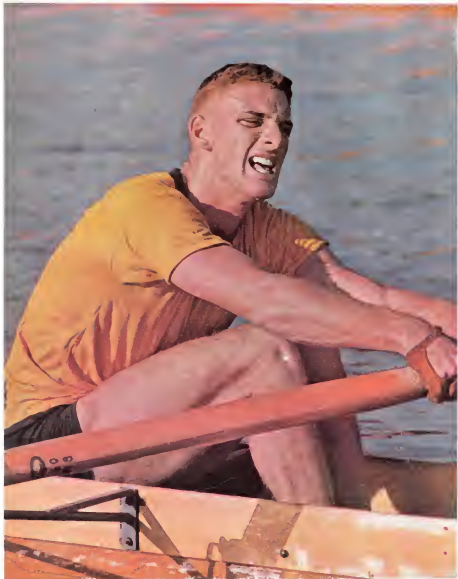






IN BATTLE ARRAY, the University of California's naval fleet lines up for a practice start in San Francisco Bay.

STROKE AND RECOVERY make a reciprocating engine of the taut body of Navy's Jim Fontana.



RHYTHM AND FURY are the detonating sparks supplied by shouting Coxswain Dick Omohundro.





EXHAUSTION seems mingled with satisfaction as Navy's Craig Thrasher rests at last.

BLACK & WHITE



Put out the bottle that shows you know SCOTCH!
Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given
"Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

"BLACK & WHITE" *Scotch*
THE SCOTCH WITH CHARACTER





MacGregor puts **Kangaroo luxury** right in the palm of your hand!

Feel the difference! MacGregor has created a Kangaroo leather golf glove that's *lighter* and *thinner* than any golf glove you've ever used. Keeps its shape, too. This is the glove for you — it's the premium glove. MacGregor field-tested this glove a full year before offering it to you. Result: it outwears top quality Cabretta and Capeskin gloves by a wide margin. Only MacGregor could create a Kangaroo golf glove that's 20 percent lighter and thinner than the finest gloves sold today. That's because MacGregor has been the pioneer in Kangaroo skin golf products.

Sold exclusively through golf professionals.

MacGregor
THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF
BRUNSWICK SPORTS
CINCINNATI 32, OHIO



To win, you need a guy who gives

**So says one coach whose crew,
like a dozen others, will give
all they've got at Syracuse**

You can't live on promises," says Coach Fil Leanderson of the University of Washington. "and you can't live on history. It's what you're doing right now that counts."

As far as Leanderson and 12 other of the nation's top rowing coaches are concerned, right now means this Saturday, when all their crews will compete in the single biggest rowing event of the year, the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championship on New York's Onondaga Lake. With history and promises both pulling pretty strongly for them, Leanderson's largely sophomore Huskies are entering that race fully confident that they'll win—and there is at least a fair chance that they will.

There is at the same time at least a fair chance that any one of a number of other crews will do the same thing in this punishing three-mile race which is at once the first and the final meeting of its kind in the season. This is the race for which all of them have been pointing: this is the race all of them want to win. Navy, as perennially potent a threat on collegiate lakes and rivers as it is on the global high seas, could pull clear of the snags and crabs that have been dogging it all season and realize at last the promise of its potential Cornell's Big Red, newly uniformed for battle in shirts that reflect its nickname (*see cover*), might at last find a way to shake off Joe Burke's high-stroking Pennsylvanians, who have cheated it of victory in cliffhanger finishes every time the two have met. Penn's own chances look good, provided it can sustain over the long pull the unbelievably high beats (36 to 40 strokes per minute) that it has used to win and tie shorter races.

Still-unknown quantities as measured

against any of these eastern crews are the big threats from the West: Washington's cocky Huskies and California's determined Golden Bears, the defending champions. The Bears will be aiming for their third straight IRA win.

As seasons go, this has been a mediocre one for California, but every year actually is a big one for this school, which launched its first crew in 1870, a year after the college was founded. In and around the campus at Berkeley there is no great concern over defeats that occurred earlier in the season. The big race is still to be rowed, and if the crew is not on top of it this year, the feeling goes, it certainly will be by next. Year after year California's eager-beaver coach, Jim Lemmon, works patiently to that end.

The soft sell

Few if any intercollegiate sports have less promising raw material to work with than crew, particularly in the West. Like his famed predecessor, Ky Ebright, California's Lemmon starts sifting the ore the moment it is dumped on campus. On the day college opens and the freshmen arrive, Lemmon shops his freshman coach, Stan Shawl, and a platoon of knowing crewmen off to the registration line with a piece of chalk and a notebook. They put a mark on the wall six feet above the floor, then collar anybody who measures up to it. "These kids are nervous about starting college and tired of standing in line," says Lemmon, "so we have to be tactful. After all, this is a sales proposition." The pitch is soft sell: How tall are you? How much do you weigh? Are you going out for another sport? And if not, why not crew?

Lemmon's bird dogs keep hands off boys who are prepackaged for another Cal sport. "Sometimes," says the coach, "a kid will say he's going out for basketball or football, and by the way he talks we know they're counting on him. But quite often he'll say, 'Yeah, I'm going

continued



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1 part
Bols Green Creme de Menthe

1 part
Bols White Creme de Cacao

1 part light cream

Mix in a mixer with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass

BOLS
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Since 1878

DUTCH NAME • WORLD FAME
Bols White Creme de Cacao 54 Proof
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FUN

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Circle Boatman's 95 hp

GALE

cuts the cost of boating!

Clean, lean Gale outboards give you simple, reliable, compact power at thrifty prices—down \$10 to \$65 over the full line. Choose from a full range of 7 high quality motors from 3 to 60 hp. Pick a smooth, quiet outboard for fishing. Or a spirited, sparkling motor for skiing and cruising. This year, take your fun on the water. And make Gale your power choice. See and compare America's lowest priced, top quality outboards now at your Gale dealer's.

Gale V Sovereign, top V-4 value in outboarding (and don't miss the new, improved Sovereign 40)



PRICES REDUCED ON ALL MODELS

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DAVIDSON 91 A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

ROWING

out for basketball? I'll ask him where he played and he'll give some little high school. First string? "No, third." Has he talked to the basketball coaches yet? "Well, no, not yet." You know very well he's not going to play basketball here, so you start talking up crew." Occasionally Lemmon tips off the basketball people on exceptionally tall boys who pass through the line. In fact, he spotted a tall kid named Durrall Imhoff a few years ago and referred him to Pete Newell, then basketball coach and now athletic director. Imhoff became an All-America center.

Raw material in hand, Jim Lemmon sets quickly to work. The day after registration, he signs the new men up, issues them sweat clothes and takes them on a tour of the Ky Ebright boathouse to let them soak up some tradition. "I want them to see what they're pointing for." There is plenty to see: pictures of the Olympians and other Cal champions, crew shirts gathered from the vanquished, scrapbooks full of past glories and, of course, the shells themselves. Says Lemmon fondly: "Their eyes are like saucers the first time they see those big old eights."

Next day the freshmen get their first taste of rowing. In a big scow, eight men to a side, they chop at the water with the unfamiliar oars while Lemmon—like an ancient galley master—paces between the rows, issuing instructions. "The first stroke is the worst one you'll ever take. I tell them. It certainly is the worst-looking. But the scow is a fine place to learn basic form. It doesn't tip or roll, and you can teach lots of boys at once. They spend their first two weeks in the scow, putting in 20 to 30 minutes a day there and 10 to 15 learning the stroke on shore. Then I put them out gradually into a shell. That's an experience." In the slim, tipsy shells progress is painfully slow. Yet by the end of the eight-week fall workout the boys can go through the motions of rowing. More important, they can move the boats, so Lemmon holds a race. "We get six or seven crews out there, and it's a riot. They get so excited you'd think it was the Olympics. They jump seats, catch crabs and hump into each other." Somehow, somebody crosses the finish line. Lemmon's first reaction, as he surveys his freshman lineup, is always, "My God, I'll have to race with these guys?" "But then," he says, "I remember that they've improved

from zero knowledge to a point where they can compete—in just two months. That's fantastic."

In February, when spring semester begins, Lemmon again culls the registration lines, looking for additional freshmen to supplement the 40 or so who decide to return. The crews hit the water the day after classes start. Workouts are increased to six days a week (plus Sunday before a big race), and by the end of the season the crews will have rowed halfway to Hawaii. Some of the freshmen are put back in the scow, but most are now ready for full-time duty in the shells. Varsity and jayvee courses are shifted from back to front and side to side in a relentless game of musical oars. Coxswains and strokes are tested with one crew, then another, to see what makes what boat go fastest. Occasionally the right combination clicks smoothly and swiftly into place; normally the juggling continues up to and through the early races. If the juggling costs Cal a victory, as it did against Long Beach State this spring, that's too bad. It will pay off later on.

Lemmon-coached crews are not known for smooth style. "We row rough—at least by normal standards," says Jim. "We get the job done with brute strength and awkwardness. There are accepted ways of executing the stroke cycle, but they aren't right for everyone. You can't fit an oarsman into a preconceived pattern. What matters is not how he looks but how efficiently he performs. If you have the material and the proper attitude you can win races with any style."

The joy of it

Up in the North, Lemmon's appraisal is echoed and amplified by his old rival. "In rowing," says Ed Leanderson, "you need a guy who gives for the joy of it, not a guy who correlates what he gives with what he gets." By Leanderson's own admission, the guy who may have given most to Washington's success this year is a guy who has not even gotten a seat in the varsity crew for his pains. He is frustrated, furious, crew-happy Bill Flint, the stroke of the Washington junior varsity boat, whose continuous hot breath has spurred the varsity to ever better effort.

"You can row hour after hour," says Leanderson, "but if you don't have competition, all you're doing is slogging along. To have a good varsity, you've got to have a good jayvee." In race after race during practice Flint has stroked the

continued

Jesse Owens was awarded 4 gold medals at the 1936 Olympics. He won the 100- and 200-meter races and the broad jump, and an anchor on the winning 400 meter relay team.



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Here — in dollars — is what New England Life's cash-value insurance can mean to your future.

Sure, you're still in your twenties. But now, with your best earning years just getting under way, is the ideal time to take advantage of cash-value life insurance.

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you take your dividends on deposit through the years. (Just for illustration purposes, we'll apply our new increased dividend scale, keeping in mind that these scales do necessarily change from time to time.)

The cash value at your New England Life policy at age 65 is \$17,976. But your premium payments total only \$10,577. This means that all the dollars you put in and \$7,399 more can be yours to use at the time of your retirement.

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For just \$12⁹⁵ you can own the world's finest sunglasses!

(No competitor can duplicate them—at any price!)

These are the original wrap-around sunglasses first discovered by French skiers and racing drivers. The exclusive (patented in France) Orama IV® lenses are distortion-free and are made with the U-V factor—a special filter formula which cuts out ultra-violet rays. They give you 180° glare-free vision with no blind spots. They are fog-resistant, scratch-resistant, shatterproof.



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In dark gray, 64, for green and beauty under. Stylish for men and women, including continental use. \$12⁹⁵

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The P-F® Yacht Shoe

Try this on for size—the classic P-F Yacht Shoe with the exclusive "Grip-Block" sole. Designed to prevent slipping on wet decks or picking up stones ashore. Built right into the heel: P-F's great Posture Foundation rigid wedge. It helps relieve foot and leg muscle strain. By B.F. Goodrich and Hood. See your P-F dealer or write: President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.



ROWING

Husky jayvees into near victory over the varsity with less than a quarter of a length separating the boats at the finish. A fierce competitor, he would doubtless be stroking the varsity boat himself if an even fiercer competitor were not already in the seat. Varsity stroke Jerry Johnsen was the leader of Washington's championship freshmen crew of 1961. "He has the kind of confidence that gives confidence to others," says his former freshman coach. "You could spot it the first time he sat in a boat. He didn't just sit there and slide his tongue out of one side of his mouth and start pulling. Jerry raced with his head from the very start. He's the kind of kid who gives even a coach confidence."

No letup

Despite the loss of a boatload of seniors from last year, the Flint-Johnsen rivalry has sparked what Leanderson thought would be a long season of sophomore rebuilding into a suddenly successful campaign for all the Huskies. It began with an easy, expected victory over Oregon State and was followed two weeks later by an unexpected length-and-a-half victory over California. In a triangular meet with the University of British Columbia and UCLA at Seattle a week later, the Husky varsity breezed home easily with a time of 6:14.5. The Flint-stroked jayvees won even more easily and posted better time—6:12.3. At Long Beach on May 19 the jayvees again won easily, posting a time of 6:16, one second better than the course mark. Immediately the varsity went out and bettered the jayvees' time by 4.2 seconds, a fact that still brings anger to Bill Flint's voice when the subject is mentioned.

"We should have beaten the varsity's time easy," he says. "In that race we went across the line at 26; we weren't even pushed, not even a little bit."

In day-to-day time trials the varsity has shaded the jayvees three times out of four and there will be no letup in this intramural scrapping until race day on Onondaga Lake. Leanderson, a naturally reticent man, is in no haste to lavish praise on his crews, but there is a coach's implied superlative when he speaks of them: "There's nothing in the log book that says this crew is real fast. The one thing we can say is they're consistent, and when you get consistency you get confidence."

END



CANADIAN WHISKY — A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES 51% ALC/VOL (104 PROOF) SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

**Tough luck!
Lucky break!**

Through eight holes you never played better. Then the sky opened up. Tough luck! . . . but lucky break! It happened close to the clubhouse. So dry off and order a V.O. Incredibly light in character. Incredibly brilliant in flavor. Finest of imported whiskies. But look—the others are straggling in. Waiter!

Seagram's Imported

V.O.

Known by
the company
it keeps.





Bony pretender to the lofty throne of 'Finisterre'

A thin-skinned yawl with an ingenious steel skeleton is coming into the Bermuda race with a reputation as a winner—and a rule-beater

As skeletons go, the curious marine vertebrate shown at left is an anatomical wonder. A steel pipe, which serves as its spinal column, runs from its steel nose bone all the way down to its steel pelvis, steel braces gird up the specimen's ribs, and an extension of the spinal column, also steel, even helps hold up its tail. The skeleton, with its metal bones here indicated in red, fits neatly inside the fiber-glass skin of Jack Powell's *Paper Tiger* (shown under sail in insert), and if osteologists are intrigued by this bony framework, so are the sailors on the 135 other yachts gathered at Newport, R.I., this week for the start of the 23rd Bermuda race.

Very few skeletons in the history of ocean racing have been talked about quite as much. This ingenious steel frame has been called with admiration the secret of *Paper Tiger*'s remarkable ocean racing success. It has also been criticized as a designer's deliberate attempt to exploit loopholes in the Cruising Club of America's handicap rule to gain a low racing rating, thus turning for the boat the disparaging label: "a rule-beater." It has been the focal point of some wonderfully inaccurate speculation and, in the process, has ignited one of the hottest marine controversies of the past three years.

Had *Paper Tiger* been a slow boat, or had an unfavorable rating, no one would have made a sound, except perhaps to snicker at the folly of the young design-

er, Charlie Morgan of St. Petersburg, Fla., who dreamed up the idea of building a bag of bones. But *Paper Tiger*, with a ridiculously low handicap rating of 25.5, won the championship of the 1961 Southern Ocean Racing Conference in her very first season afloat. This brought on very few snickers. In fact, one opposing skipper was so frustrated by *Paper Tiger*'s victory he refused to compete against the boat again till its rating was raised. When Powell sailed his boat to its second consecutive SORC championship last winter, leading so decisively he had only to finish 23rd in the last race to win, the skeleton was rattling loudly—and another yachtsman just gave up and retired from ocean racing altogether. Owner Powell was unimpressed by his critics. "I wonder what there is in the spirit or the letter of the rule," he said, "which is intended to prevent the building of boats that rate well."

Part of *Paper Tiger*'s advantage under the then existing rule was the stability she got from the weight of the steel skeleton, together with that of her fuel and water tanks (in blue and black areas at left) and her engine and batteries, which fit under the sole of the main cabin. These all help keep her upright in a breeze; but they are neither as massive nor as wholly effective as the imagination of her rivals has made them. The backbone is not, as rumored, an I beam, but common 2½-inch plumbing pipe. The engine is not an immense machine sunk in a spe-

cial blister deep in the skeletal innards; it is a small 30-hp Atomic Four, installed in a convenient spot just above the centerboard trunk. The hull is not reinforced with steel rods—or anything else. It is merely a thin skin of plain glass fibers and polyester, an inch at the garboards and ½ inch at the sheers, and besides giving the boat form, its only real purpose is to keep the water out. Finally, the low-slung gas and water tanks, a point of suspicion in any successful ocean racer, have a combined capacity of just 120 gallons.

Despite their modest size, however, all these things were placed where they would do the most good—down low, to act as unpenalized ballast. Thus *Paper Tiger* did indeed take advantage of a loophole in the rule, and Designer Morgan, a man of refreshing candor in the cautious world of naval architecture, made no bones about it: "Sure, it's a rule-beater. I built it with that in mind. But it doesn't cheat the rule. If the rule has inequities, then go change the rule."

The C.C.A. promptly did so, changing the method of calculating a boat's stability and thus plugging at least partially a hole which gave *Paper Tiger* an advantage. Two months ago *Paper Tiger* was measured under the revised rule for the 635-mile race to Bermuda—the oldest, most revered open ocean event in American sailing. A new rating came back, 27.3, not as low as before but still low enough to give *Paper Tiger* a strong

continued

competitive position for her greatest test as an ocean racer.

Unfortunately, one element will be missing from the test. Carleton Mitchell has not entered his famous *Finisterre* in this year's race (see below for Mitchell's own story). But the designing trend his boat has established over the last seven years will be conspicuously present in *Paper Tiger*. Like *Finisterre*, *Paper Tiger* is a short, fat boat; to the eye it appears ungainly and slow, but it possesses a running speed that belies its beamy shape and 40-foot length. Like *Finisterre*, it is a center boarder with a driving power to windward that is the envy of many a

larger keelboat. Both boats were built to cruise as well as race, yet both, because of their low ratings, provoked controversy leading to changes in the rule. This year, as its tough, tubby forebear did in 1956, *Paper Tiger* enters its first Bermuda race wearing the crown of the Southern Circuit.

There are, however, two essential differences. One is *Paper Tiger*'s steel skeleton, which may start a trend to this kind of structure just as *Finisterre* once gave the main impetus toward center boarders. The primary advantage of the skeleton is this: when the stays and shrouds are tightened, the mast is thrust downward, placing strain on the hull. When the sails fill out, the strain increases.

In *Paper Tiger*, however, that pressure is absorbed along the length of the pipe backbone, passed on through steel ribs to the plywood bulkheads and finally dispersed over the broad deck with its eight-inch crown. Meanwhile, the stays and shrouds, themselves anchored to the skeleton, stay uniformly taut, allowing the sails to retain the best aerodynamic shape.

The other difference between the two boats is pure status—*Finisterre* is the only three-time winner in the 56-year history of the big race; her successor has a long way to go. When this fact is pointed out, Morgan just smiles confidently and says, "We're picking up where *Finisterre* left off."



A look back at a lively race

With its yawl *Finisterre* in temporary retirement, Carleton Mitchell, the only three-time winner of the Bermuda race, reflects on a skipper's decisive moments.

The most interesting single aspect of the Bermuda race in retrospect is that invariably there comes a moment of decision. Somewhere along the line, skippers and crew will encounter an opportunity, a choice, and what is done may well determine how they will cross the finish line off St. David's Head, perhaps days later.

In 1950 April inched her way toward a squall, where she found wind to work into a new weather system and went on to victory. Ten years later *Finisterre*, with bare stern-aways, jibed toward the rhumb line and was in a favored position to drive for the finish when heavy winds struck. But decisions do not always pay off. In 1954, while mooring aboard *Finisterre*'s predecessor, Car-

leton, we made a choice of tacks behind the Gulf Stream and finished far beyond, while *Molar*, apparently lost after gambling on a westerly shift, picked up her wind to top the lot.

Yet perhaps it is this very quality of uncertainty that makes the Bermuda race the most intriguing event in ocean racing. No other course of comparable length offers greater variables of current and wind. Off to starboard lies Cape Hatteras, famous as a weather breeder, the dividing line between cold fronts sweeping down from polar regions and warm air masses drifting northward from the Gulf of Mexico. And about one-third of the way from Newport to Bermuda lurks the Gulf Stream, a complex phenomenon of flow and counterflow.

Against these varying problems there seems only one practical, long-range plan of attack for the skipper of a good boat, and that is to play percentages. Yachting Historian Alf Loomis summed it up once by writing, "The boat most likely to win is the one which keeps closest to the rhumb line and which never stops in the calm or shortens down unduly in the gales." In other words, cover the least possible number of miles while keeping the boat moving at its best in the winds of the moment. Perhaps in all ocean racing the latter is the key—going at maximum potential speed at all times through the optimum combination of sails and trim. In this the smaller boats have an advantage in sheer human capabilities that will be difficult to legislate out of existence by rule.

Playing percentages begins with a strategic concept determined in advance. The most obvious and perhaps most likely-to-succeed plan is to lay a course from the start off Beenton Reef to an entry point on the continental side of the Gulf Stream. Temperature readings establish entry into the warm flow of the Stream; once on, the boat's heading should be altered to bring the flow

on the beam. With luck, the point of entry will be just far enough west of the direct course to allow the current to set the boat back on the rhumb line at the point of exit. There is then a straight shot to Bermuda if the wind is free. If not, playing percentages requires tacking across the rhumb line and not indulging in a long-shot gamble toward an anticipated wind shift.

While official weather forecasts should not be ignored, it is well to remember that during the last race in 1940, within hours of receiving radio reports predicting continued light winds to the finish, the fleet was shortening down in a gale. The wise skipper will put more of his faith on the action of the barometer, the look of the sky and the trend of the wind than on words of wisdom emanating from the weather bureau. As a rule of thumb, in recent races the overall action of the breeze beyond the Stream has been clockwise—lifting and freeing boats on the starboard tack, allowing those on the rhumb line to lay the finish. Those who take flyers to the east or west are therefore going against the percentages, investing in extra distance without assurance of compensating returns. Yet the most daring gamble may occasionally beat the percentages. This race was once called "The Great Atlantic Lottery" by John Nicholas Brown after a typically exasperating trek on *Boles*. Proof of his point is the 1954 victory of *Molar*, which remains as haunting memory.

But whether playing percentages or taking a long shot, there comes the big moment—the point of decision. Sometimes it is difficult to recognize. Sometimes it comes on the wings of a cold savage squall pelting and screaming in the night. Or it may arrive from a bright, sunny sky, spinnaker barely filling, the crew indolently padding around the deck in shorts. But come it will, the moment of what-might-have-been, later to be analyzed and bewailed in the bars of Hamilton.

END



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OCCIDENTAL LIFE

A time to hit from the left side



Nicklaus reverses his grip for a left-handed shot, turns club face over, hits ball with face of club.

The need for a left-handed golf shot (by a right-handed golfer) occurs more often and on more critical occasions than most golfers think. It is a good shot to know, I can tell you, as I have had to make several left-handed shots in my golfing career. Once, at a key point in an early-round match with Truman Connell during the 1960 Colonial Amateur Invitational in Memphis, I was 1 up after 12 holes. On the 13th, a 500-yard par-5, I drove the ball off line to the right about two inches from the side of a tree; I had a good lie, but it was impossible to do anything right-handed except chip the ball a few feet. So I turned my five-iron upside down (see small drawing), swung left-handed and managed to hit the ball 150 yards down the fairway just 70 yards short of the green. I birdied the hole with a wedge and a short putt, eventually won this close match 2 and 1 and went on to win the tournament.

For this peculiar type of shot, employ a standard left-hand grip (in other words, your usual grip reversed) and swing left-handed, just trying to make sure you hit the ball. I favor using a five-, six- or seven-iron and turning it over so that you will hit the ball with the face of the club, not the back of it. These clubs are best, because they give you plenty of club face. They also can be adjusted—upside down—to supply any amount of loft you want. The next time you are on the practice tee, try some left-handed shots. A few moments of this practice will someday prove valuable to you in the course of play.

Drawings by Francis Oldham



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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Devon takes a ribbon for casualties

Despite a tragicomic succession of accidents, it was a splendid show, enlivened by three unabashed refugees from the Thoroughbred racetrack

The Bryn Mawr (Pa.) Hospital is substantially supported by the proceeds of the Devon Horse Show and Country Fair, the opening event of the big-time eastern horse show circuit—and a good thing, too. This year Devon set new records not only for the number of horses and ponies entered (1,050) and the number of spectators but also for the number of participants sent to Bryn Mawr after freak accidents. In the first of these, Julie Kardon broke a collarbone when she fell while schooling her hunter. Then Mrs. David Kelley's hunter fell into a coop, rolled over on her, cracked several ribs and knocked out all her front teeth. Next to be taken to Bryn Mawr was Mrs. John B. Hannum III, master of Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Fox Hounds, who was badly injured when her hunter threw her and stepped on her, fracturing her pelvis and several ribs. Mrs. Charles Bird Jr. was thrown and dragged by her young hunter and suffered face lacerations, a broken nose and severe cuts in her mouth. Mrs. Elton Wetmore, whose husband was exhibiting a parade horse, was standing at the rail waiting for his class when a horse in the ring cast a shoe that spun over the rail and struck her head, opening an inch-and-a-half gash and knocking her down and out. The next night the Wetmores' horse not only threw a shoe but almost all of his hoof—so Devon turned out to be a very unlucky place indeed for the Wetmores.

Despite these and other accidents, Devon was an excellent show, with quality as well as quantity in all its divisions. The only justifiable criticisms are that the jumping courses had not been changed to fit the new rules, so classes were excessively long, with too many

jump-offs, and the patrolling of the outside hunter course was lax.

Most of the seasoned campaigners were on hand for the open events, and the green divisions drew unusually large numbers. In this area how to succeed by being a failure was demonstrated by three new champions. Those fresh stars of the horse show world—Thoroughbreds all—were originally destined for the race track. However, one never reached there because he couldn't be ridden and, although the other two did race, their efforts are best passed over in sympathetic silence. In fact, as Gene Cunningham, trainer-ender of the Thoroughbred named Cap and Gown, says, "As far as speed goes, my gelding couldn't outrun a fat man." Cap and Gown won both the young hunter and the green-conformation championships. He ran and jumped with ease and a beauty of motion that brought home the blue ribbon in every one of his classes at Devon. Cunningham spotted the obscurely bred gelding last summer and bought him for Owner Mary Swan Sprague, a fox-hunting enthusiast who has only recently become interested in show horses. The horse was too thin for show purposes but was a type that Cunningham admires, bay with white markings on the face and hind legs. Cap and Gown started living up to his trainer's expectations at last fall's major shows. He was reserve champion at the Washington, D.C. show and then went on to New York, where he won every performance class in which he was entered.

The 32-year-old Cunningham has had his Warrenton, Va. stables only slightly longer than he has had the management of Cap and Gown. A weekend rider since leaving school, Cunningham worked in

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a bank, sold securities and finally manufactured corrugated boxes in Dallas. Then he sold his interest in the boxes and drifted back east via Southern Pines to Warrenton and his own horse business. Besides his success with Cap and Gown, Cunningham rode still another hunter to a championship triecolor, Mrs. Eleanor Sears' Pike's Peak.

Another racetrack reject snapped up by a knowing eye is a horse named Silver Fox. Owned and ridden by Morton (Cappy) Smith of Warrenton, this gray gelding won the green working-hunter championship without effort. Bought last winter and shown only once before, he defeated 70 rivals, many with a year of experience behind them.

The unruly jumper

As for the rogue horse that couldn't be gotten to the racetrack, he too won a championship—the green-jumper title. First owned by a New Jersey veterinarian, the horse, registered as Nostrum, proved impossible to break. In a fit of anger the vet called a professional colleague, Dr. Robert Rost, and gave him the horse outright. Rost has a way with unruly horses, having started the reformation of Andante, the famous open jumper (SI, June 20, 1960). Rost knew the reputation of his 3-year-old gift horse and decided he would break him or kill him. Actually, the breaking was done by Rost's wife Joan, a pretty western rider who was once a rodeo queen (SI, Oct. 18, 1954). Using a stock saddle, Joan worked slowly. It took two weeks to teach Nostrum to stand still for mounting, and this was finally accomplished by tying up a hind leg. Then it took another two weeks to get across the idea that the rider should be allowed to dismount, unassisted. Joan started showing Nostrum when he was 5, as a working hunter, a division new to both horse and rider. She had little success. Meanwhile, a friend and near neighbor, Olympic Rider Frank Chapot, saw the horse's potential and started helping Joan polish his jumping. All was prepared for Joan and Nostrum to make their debut at Devon in the green-jumper division when, shortly before the show, a horse Joan was breaking for someone else fell and crushed her foot. So Chapot substituted as rider, and Nostrum lived up to his hopes by winning the championship. That title by the way, was the fourth the Rosts won during Devon week. Earlier, they collected three triecolor rosettes with their stock horses.

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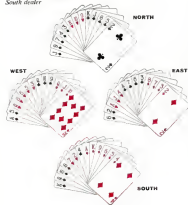
BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The right guess can be wrong

Some of the country's better bridge players rarely if ever take part in a tournament, with the result that their skill is known only in the comparatively narrow circles in which they play rubber bridge. One such is Harold Fagin, vice-president of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, who showed how successful a tournament player he could have become when he joined me some 20 years ago to win the New England Team Championship.

Fagin likes to talk about bridge hands he has played and, as with most of us, his favorites are apt to be those in which he has swindled his opponents out of what was rightfully theirs. One of the most unusual features of the hand shown here is that it involved a situation in which Fagin had to make the "losing" play in order to win.

*Neither side vulnerable
South dealer*



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	1♥	PASS	3♥
2♣	PASS	4♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 5 of hearts

West's overall, even though made at the one level, is open to serious question. His suit is so anemic that, if North should become declarer, a heart lead is very likely to be damaging to East-West, to make no mention of the fact that it gives North-South a pleasant choice: they can double for penalties if they think they cannot make game; they can double if they think it might be more profitable than game; or they can bid game.

In this deal the overall was punished in still another way, for it enabled Fagin to lay the basis for a deceptive maneuver. Dummy played the 9 of hearts on the opening lead, East won the trick with the jack and declarer dropped the 7, instead of the 2.

East, fearing South was now out of hearts, made the logical shift to a trump, taken by West's ace. West returned the club 10 for the good reasons that if declarer had two clubs he might misguess the situation; and if he had three, it might be possible for the defense to establish a second club trick before South established his diamonds.

This was where the odd situation arose in which declarer could not afford to guess right. He knew it was most unlikely that West was underleading the ace of clubs with every possibility that the defenders could win a second heart trick. So the "winning" play in the club suit itself was probably the jack, in hopes that it would force the ace. But this play would surely lose in the end. If dummy's jack of clubs forced the ace, East would have little choice but to try the ace of hearts for the setting trick. So Fagin put up dummy's club king.

Exactly as declarer hoped, East reasoned that for West to overcall on a suit in which his high cards were Q-8, he probably had six hearts. This meant that the ace of hearts, if East led it, would be tramped and dummy's king would be established for an immediate club discard if South needed one. There seemed a better chance that West had made a deceptive lead from queen-10 of clubs alone or had started with only a single club in his hand. So East returned a club and the game was over. Fagin ruffed, drew another round of trumps and had no difficulty in winning the rest of the tricks when a single ruff established the diamonds.

EXTRA TRICK

There's some excuse for an overcall on a weak five-card suit when you have a two-suited hand. Without a two-suiter, it is better to maintain a discreet silence.

END

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THREE FOR THE MONEY

continued from page 12

not soon be forgotten. Before it began, it was one of the most difficult to handicap. In the field were the Derby winner Decidedly, the Preakness winner Greek Money, the Jersey Derby winner Jaipur, the Wood Memorial winner Admiral's Voyage, that faithful old pluggie Crimson Satan, a sentimental number named Vimy Ridge and two long shots, David K. and Folk Dancer. And here, too, with the exception of the grounded Milo Valenzuela, were the country's top jockeys: Shoemaker, Ycaza, Hartack, Baeza, Rotz, Sellers, Ussery and

would go on the lead, and we wanted to be just behind him, if he didn't go to the front, Shoemaker would."

Shoemaker didn't have to. At the break Braulio Baeza, coming out of an outside gate, went right to the lead and, with everyone else obviously holding back, found himself setting the pace with Admiral's Voyage as planned. Behind him, also as planned, was Shoe on Jaipur. Behind them, just as the form figured, were Greek Money and Crimson Satan. Decidedly and Vimy Ridge, the late runners, were well behind but still expected to get in the thick of things after the first mile.

Baeza, who won the 1961 Belmont on

edly proved this day that he hasn't the constitution for running week after week. His rider, Hartack, remarked afterward. "My horse never acted like a winner at any point in the race." (In the paddock, the Derby winner had appeared nervous and was damp with sweat.) John Rotz, again aboard Greek Money, struck the same note: "At the half-mile pole I thought I would win it all, but at the three-eighths pole my horse gave up and I knew I wouldn't be in the money." The Preakness winner finished seventh, 14 lengths behind the leaders.

The horses who were going to be in the money began fighting for it half a



STARTING UP BACKSTRETCH. Admiral's Voyage leads on inside, with Jaipur (topped off) close behind. Into far turn (right) they held position as Greek Money is third on rail and Crimson Satan is fourth.

Boulmetis. It added up to a dream race among pros in a beautiful setting.

As the horses were led slowly into the saddling enclosure the first man to show up was 78-year-old Bert Mulholland, trainer of Jaipur. "It looks," said Bert, with a twinkle in his eyes, "like this is the race of the year." When Mulholland was joined by Owner George D. Widener and Willie Shoemaker, the three of them held a hurried board of directors' meeting about the strategy that Shoe should use with Jaipur, who was a slight public favorite. "They didn't want me to go to the front," said Shoe later. "But they figured that if the pace was too slow I better get out there and do my best to hang on." After the race Widener said: "We thought Admiral's Voyage

Sherluck, established the strategy. This Panamanian jockey, whose wooden expression conceals an exquisite sense of timing, rode as perfectly as a man can. He cut out a pace that was neither brazenly fast nor foolishly slow. And before the first mile was over he and Admiral's Voyage had separated the money horses from the also-rans. Having clocked a first quarter in 24 1/5 and a half in 48 2/5, Baeza decided to test his rivals. He reeled off consecutive quarters in 23 4/5 and 24 2/5, virtually knocking the guts out of the poorly conditioned, and passed the mile in 1:36 3/5. Jaipur stayed with him, trailing by a length and a half. And on the way to join them was Manuel Ycaza on Crimson Satan. The rest might as well have gone home. Decid-

edly not to let Admiral's Voyage steal away with too wide a lead, made his move going into the far turn. He fully expected it to be decisive. The half mile Baeza had just put his horse through should have taken something out of him. Amazingly, it didn't, and Admiral's Voyage—as game a colt as has been seen among the 3-year-olds in many a season—can the fifth quarter in 25 3/5 to finish the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter in 2:02 1/5. He showed no signs of giving up.

Shoemaker had taken Jaipur wide of Admiral's Voyage on the backstretch because this son of Nasrullah dislikes having dirt thrown in his face. Now he was ready. "I felt I had it made," Shoe-

maker said, "when we went into that turn." But Shoe, like everyone else in the Belmont crowd, did not believe that Admiral's Voyage would hang on and fight to the end.

As these two leveled for their stretch duel they were joined by Crimson Satan. Riding furiously on the outside, Yeaza ranged up alongside Jaipur, who was now head and head with Admiral's Voyage. The three of them had fought this way only 10 days earlier in the Jersey Derby. In that one, Crimson Satan, under a different rider, had lugged in and caused his own disqualification. Now here he was again, this time under a rider who knows what it is to foul—or

had hit Jaipur he did everything to take his horse off the eventual winner. He yanked Crimson Satan's head around in a violent effort to keep a straight course. This made it impossible for him to ride his own horse out for the last eighth of a mile. Crimson Satan may have been the best of the lot last Saturday, but his veering in prevented anyone from discovering it. Now the fight was between Admiral's Voyage and Jaipur. The former still held on, and Bazza nearly got the job done. Three jumps from the end Admiral's Voyage had the race won, but somehow Shoemaker urged Jaipur's nose first across the wire. Crimson Satan finished third, and Decidedly,

was to come home with second-place finishes. This was the finest day of his racing career.

It was an exceptional day, too, for Willie Shoemaker. He had three mounts on the program before the Belmont and won with all of them. For the losers, there were consolation prizes. After the well-earned criticism of his ride in the Preakness aboard Ridan (St. May 28), Manuel Yeaza enjoyed some unaccustomed praise from racing officials for his handling of Crimson Satan. If he had not reacted quickly to the colt's lugging in on Jaipur and Admiral's Voyage, the result might well have been a three-horse tangle before anyone reached



DOWN THE HOMESTRETCH. Crimson Satan lugs in on Jaipur, and Yeaza yanks his horse away from trouble. In the last yards (right) Jaipur and Shoemaker drive on to a nose win over Admiral's Voyage at wire.

to be accused of fouling. Abruptly, at the eighth pole, the three contenders were locked in a desperate battle that brought even the earthworms in the geranium beds to attention.

It was a tremendous finish. And Yeaza's reactions gave it added piquancy. Shortly before reaching the eighth pole Crimson Satan revived his old habit of lugging in. He bumped Jaipur once. "If he hadn't hit me," said Shoe, "I don't know what would have happened but, once he did, Jaipur must have gotten mad, because he wanted to get away—and fast. Until he got bumped Jaipur wasn't really leveling; once he did get bumped he got mad and fought his way on."

As soon as Yeaza realized that he

6½ lengths back, was a feeble fourth.

These were tired horses, the winner finishing the Belmont distance in 2:28 4/5, with a last quarter in the unusually slow time of 26 3/5. Yet Jaipur's victory had a special significance: once again this toughest of the Triple Crown races went to a horse that was worked specifically toward the Belmont, not the Kentucky Derby or any of the big winter events in Florida or California. Jaipur's first start this year was early in April. For George Widener it was surely a sweet victory. Chairman of The Jockey Club, former president of Belmont Park and for 40 years one of the most respected names in American racing, he had sent out nine Belmont candidates since 1918, and three times the best he had done

the finish. For Fred Hooper, owner of Admiral's Voyage and the hard-luck loser all last year with Crozier, there was vindication of a sort. Rated an outsider in the Belmont, Admiral's Voyage came within a nose of winning the big one.

Jaipur's claim to the 3-year-old championship now rests on his having won two important races in a row—which may be more than any of his rivals can do. Before the Belmont many horsemen believed that the erratic temperament of his sire, Nasrullah, would betray Jaipur in a close stretch duel. Last Saturday he found himself in just such a battle and he also found the courage to stick it out. "He won it all right," said Bert Mutholland, "with a little help from Shoemaker."

END

The Crowded Land of Hiawatha

by JOHN O'REILLY

Gay and gabby, carefree but comfort-loving, a brand new type of American camper is invading the wilderness of sacred Indian lore and poet's song. Equipped with gadgets beyond counting and traveling in mechanized caravans, the new camper's numbers are increasing beyond the ability of the planners to provide campgrounds for him. Sports Illustrated's Nature Editor plunged into the mainstream of this cavalcade and came up three months later with the following report





Woodcuts by Robert Quackenbush

Soft gray light moving through the Marquette National Forest in advance of the rising sun gives shape to the assorted tents, sedans, station wagons and house trailers comprising the encampment at Three Lakes Campground. All is quiet. Thin mists rise from the lakes. A fish leaps in a ring of ripples. This is the Land of Hiawatha, and it is highly pluggad as such by the State of Michigan. It is the former forest primeval, where Longfellow's young Indian boy picked up a lot of campercraft at the knee of old Nokomis. But that was long ago. Now it is inhabited by a cross-section of the great American camping public.

What goes on here? Why have these people left their fine cities to live in the

woods? According to government brochures, they are bent on enjoying "the camping experience." In the jargon of federal statisticians, they are putting in a number of camper-days. To high-level planners, they are seeking outdoor recreation as an antidote to the rigors of urban living, sharing in the benefits of "social conservation" (*SI*, March 28, 1960). They are doing all these things, but they are also doing a lot more. They are—but wait! There is a stirring inside one of the tents. Three little girls have awakened and are singing.

"Cut out that singing so early in the morning!" growls a gruff, masculine voice. There is a temporary silence; then a small voice asks, "But, Daddy, what can we do?"

"You can lie down and shut up,"

Daddy advises. Silence prevails and keeps on prevailing for some time because your modern camper is a late riser. Some few may leap more or less lightly into the arms of the dawn, but the majority don't forsake the sack until around 8 o'clock or even later. Shafts of sunlight are piercing the canopy of pines and birches by the time the campers become active. Some draw water from a pump near a sign announcing that the state health department has tested the well and found it pure. Others deploy into the forest for firewood. They have to deploy for considerable distances because previous campers have picked the ground clean. But in time smoke columns are rising through the treetops. A retired businessman returns from the shadows and drops an armful of soggy



Opening a station wagon in which small children have been riding all day is like opening a crate of apes. They emerge with a bound and hit running.

twigs beside the fireplace. His wife turns to him with that look of amused tenderness that women reserve for husbands they have had a long time.

"Good work, mountain man," she says. They smile together. Hard by, another middle-aged camper has just cooked breakfast on one of the iron grills supplied by the Forest Service.

"You know I don't like my eggs cooked hard," says his wife, petulantly.

"Neither do I, but that's the way they came out," he explains. They both laugh. Modern campers learn to roll with the punch when petty annoyances arise.

From inside trailers come the rattle of the skillet and the scent of new-fried ham. Small boys and girls begin to emerge, popping out of tents like liberated sprites, running and chasing each

other and seeming to generate a mystic power akin to atomic energy. When darkness comes to the campground they will still be running.

This is but one of more than 6,000 public campgrounds across the face of America. Similar clusters of tents, trailers, turtlebacks and camp cars can be found tucked away in the pine forests of New York State and New England, in the mountain valleys of the Great Smokies, in the pine and palmetto lands of Florida, in the deserts of the Southwest, in the great forests of the Northwest, in state and local parks throughout the Midwest, in the Rockies and even in the harsh environs of Death Valley. The estimators say that 17 million campers will head for the campgrounds this year, but neither they nor the federal and state planners can keep up with this unprecedented outpouring of city folks into the open spaces. The National Park Service, through its Mission 66 program, is striving desperately to supply its share of camping space. In 1956 the service provided 12,000 individual campsites, utilized to the extent of 3.6 million camper-days. In 1961 there were 19,000 campsites, with 5 million camper-days, and in 1966, the completion date of Mission 66, there will be 30,000 campsites, with 6.6 million camper-days. Even so, they have to limit the length of stay in some campgrounds to accommodate the swarms from the cities. The U.S. Forest Service has a similar program, and the various states are straining their budgets to provide places where the wandering millions can pitch their tents. In the five years from 1955 to 1960 the states increased their camping facilities by 60%, only to find that campers are increasing at the rate of 18% in a single year.

Slipping coffee made in the same drip pot we use at home, my wife and I gaze out over this representative scene at Three Lakes Campground. We sit at a bridge table and behind us stands our own camping rig, a squarely built Ford Falcon van which we call the Green Turtle. To emulate other modern campers we have fitted it out with plywood

paneling, cabinets and closets for food, clothing, utensils and gadgets—plenty of gadgets. Our pride and joy, and the envy of other campers, is a two-cube-foot gas refrigerator. There are fresh vegetables for salads in the crisper, and it holds enough fresh meat for a week. More important, perhaps, it has an ice tray with 14 ice cubes, enough to chill three Martinis, including one for my wife. (The outdoors takes on a peaceful mellowness when you sit in the evening shadows watching your wife broil a steak over the fire as you toy with a Martini, chilled to perfection and delicately scented with the oil from a lemon peel.)

Beside the Green Turtle is pitched a green tent, the whole setup providing, in effect, two rooms and a breezeway. With this outfit we are able to hold up our heads as we move along the mainstream of modern campers. Thanks to this compact rig and the nationwide prevalence of campgrounds, we have been able to travel more than three months and 14,000 miles without staying in a house.

By now the sun is high enough to reveal the campground in detail. Located between two of the three lakes, it is roughly oval in shape. Through it winds a gravel road, with campsites arranged on either side. Many campgrounds have paved access roads and paved parking spaces for cars and trailers. Here, as in most national forests, the individual campsite is simply an open space among the trees, large enough to accommodate a car and tent or trailer and equipped with a grill-topped fireplace. Some grounds are planted with oclanders or other flowering shrubs and trees, which give each campsite a garden-patio effect. We are here on a weekend, so the area is filled with a rich variety of camping rigs: everything from buglike midjet sedans and sports cars to massive trailers pulled by heavy automobiles. Beside the sedans and station wagons are tents of many shapes, sizes and colors. Now that canvas comes in gay hues the modern campground is anything but drab.

We join half a dozen campers admiring a massive trailer housing Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Phillips of Utica, Mich. and their six children. It develops that Phillips built the trailer himself, and a beau-

campground



tiful job he did of it, too. In the walls are four double beds which drop outward, each covered with a canvas top which unfolds, bellowslike, as the bed is lowered. Now that the trailer is unfolded it resembles a buttressed cathedral. The Phillips offspring range from small boys to a couple of teen-age daughters, who appear each morning with their hair done up in curlers. The family sleeps in pairs in the beds, and each member has a locker for personal effects.

Phillips is glad to conduct his guests through his masterpiece of mobile architecture. He shows them the two bottle-gas tanks that supply fuel for the gas stove, lights and heater. He also has a complete electrical system for use when an outlet is available. He cannot conceal his pride as he displays the sink, icebox, clothes closets and the gadgets he has adopted for peripatetic family life. When he has completed the tour we insist that he come over and inspect the Green Turtle. He compliments us on our compact arrange-

ment but, pointing to his children, he says, "You must admit that my problem is a bit more complicated than yours."

Without realizing it we have engaged in an exchange that has become a ritual of motorized camping. When a man comes up, introduces himself and asks to inspect your camping outfit he may be interested in what you have but his real purpose is to get you to inspect his own rig. To show a lack of interest in a neighbor's camping rig is worse than visiting friends without admiring their new baby. Never hesitate to ask a camper about his rig. It is like asking your host how he makes such delicious Martinis.

Near the wandering apartment house of Phillips is a little Volkswagen sedan with a small umbrella tent pitched beside it, the outfit of a young couple with three tiny children. At first it seems they have but two toddlers, but the next morning the father strolls by with an infant in his arms.

"Great grouse!" I say to my wife. "She's had another one since yesterday!"

CAMPING TRAVEL FACTS

Although America's great national parks and national forests are prepared to sleep 300,000 campers any night from now through September, many thousands will be turned away. Neither national parks nor national forests reserve camping space in advance. July and August are the crowded months, and the campsites along the route to the Seattle Fair will be the most crowded of all. To avoid disappointment, camp midweek, and aim for lesser-known parks.

In addition to the national parks, there are more than 1,000 state parks and forests, and many of these will take reservations. But they are apt to be crowded, too—New York state turned away 100,000 people last year. For a list of state camps and reservation information, write for the *Campers' Reference Guide*, \$1, Camping Council, 47 East 48 Street, New York 17, N.Y. Also good: Hammond's *Guide to Campsites*, a paperback available at bookstores for \$2.50.

Private camping areas can be found

almost everywhere. Their rates are higher—ranging from \$1 to \$2.50 a day—but they are often worth it. An up-to-date list of them, *Private Campgrounds USA*, can be had for \$1 from Camping Maps USA, Box 862, Upper Merionet 19, N.J.

Campers often rent their equipment. Prices vary, but a two-man tent is about \$10 a week, and sleeping bags (with clean liners, and propane stoves can be had for about \$3.50. A family of four can rent all it takes to "smooth it" in the woods for around \$35 a week. Herewith a selected group of suppliers who specialize in camping gear: **BOSTON**, Hilton's Tent City, 272 Friend St.; **CHICAGO**, Easy Camping, 1789 West Howard St.; **DETROIT**, Cobb Canvas Co., 2720 West Fort St.; **NEW ORLEANS**, Foster Rental Service, 3505 D'Hernocourt St.; **NEW YORK**, Morsan Tennis, 10-15 50th Ave., Long Island City; **PASADENA**, Bradley's, 99 East Colorado St.; **SAN FRANCISCO**, Sullivan Awning Company, 245 South Van Ness Ave.

But the infant turns out to be a 10-week-old girl. The campers gather round to admire the youngest at Three Lakes Campground. A woman takes the edge off the father's pride by saying, "I know a woman who had a baby and they took it camping a week after she got out of the hospital."

"That's carrying this camping thing too far," says another woman.

"I think you should start them camping as early as possible and then they will grow to love it," says the father and strolls away so that others may admire the apple of his camper's eye.

Another family shows up in an over-

age school bus fitted out with bunks, stove and sink. "When the school board condemned this bus we bid on it and you can imagine how happy we were when our bid turned out to be the highest," says the large, comfortable-type woman who arrived in it with her husband and brood. They set up beside the lake and receive guests who drive out from a not-too-distant city. They have a grand time, whooping it up all weekend.

We note that among the campers are many women and girls. There was a time when dad and the boys would take off on a camping trip leaving Ma and the girls at home, but that time is long gone. Here the women are throwing their weight around just as they do in their own kitchens, demanding most of the comforts they left behind. The result is that many of these people could not be recognized as campers in the traditional sense except for the fact that they are living in the woods. One couple has even clung to its city clothes—a portly woman in a polka dot dress and high-heeled shoes, and a thin man in a natty gray business suit, wandering slowly among the trees picking up twigs for the fire. This is an exceptional pair, but here they are, right in the Land of Hiawatha.

While the traditional tasks of hewing wood and drawing water are in progress another early-morning ritual of the public campground is taking place, the march on the facilities. The men seem to make the trip without arousing much notice, but when midday parades through the trees to make her toilet she is a sight to strike terror into the creatures of wood and glade. The ladies pass our camp in



GOOD



GREAT!



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THE FLAVOR OF ADVENTURE!

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assorted shapes and sizes, garbed in dressing gowns, flannel bathrobes, slacks, shorts or hastily donned dresses. Their eyes are half open and their hair is either done up in curlers or as wild as a fright wig. On their feet are everything from bedroom slippers to wedges. Their faces are set and grim whether they move with a dignified amble or a purposeful trot.

A little later in the day we take another look at these same lady campers. God bless them: by now a miraculous change has taken place. Their faces are new and fresh, their hair has been rounded up and put in place, their garb is neat and they are composed. The brief hello or the avoiding glance is replaced by cheery greetings and a willingness to talk about anything under the sun.

Feminine influence, or, rather, innate demands, are high among the reasons why the facilities at public campgrounds are generally more lavish now than they were only a few years ago. National parks provide clean, tiled rest rooms with fluorescent lighting and flush toilets. Some state parks, where a small camping fee is usually charged, have showers, hot and cold water and sometimes even washing machines. In fact, the facilities become female clubhouses where the ladies linger to exchange camp gossip. Some campground officials refuse to install electric outlets in the washrooms because they find the ladies in there cooking, ironing or even playing radios on piffled juice.

As we stroll through the campground we find a goodly sprinkling of elderly couples, some of them well up in their 70s. In general they are pleasant, friendly and outspoken. Most of them have an understanding appreciation of the outdoors and treat their adopted environment with respect. It may be that their presence represents the most significant aspect of the camping explosion.

Thanks to medical advances, couples of retirement age are now robust, spry and eager. Instead of a room with relatives or a nice little apartment, they get themselves a little trailer or a turtleback

continues



GOOD



GREAT!



THE DIFFERENCE IN FLAVOR IS MYERS!

Here's a glorious and glamorous way to begin a meal: with Grapefruit à la Myers. To prepare, simply splash a dash of Myers onto each grapefruit half. For added zest: brown rum-laced grapefruit halves under broiler. Grapefruit au Rhum...ah, delightful! Thanks to the flavor-magic of Myers!

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Campground sounds diminish, and then the gasolene lanterns go out one by one.

Crowded Land

and head for the campgrounds. This is a trend that recreation planners are just beginning to recognize. Tens of thousands of these old folks migrate with the seasons, moving in shiny caravans that follow warm weather. They are to be found in campgrounds everywhere but are most numerous along the wide, straight highways of the West and in the great stretches of this country where rainfall seldom

presents a camping hazard. In the campgrounds they find others like themselves and with similar interests. They make friends, exchange correspondence and arrange future meetings in distant areas. Many of them have no homes other than their trailer or camp car. They live well. They are in no hurry and stay for long periods in one spot. In this respect they present a problem to government agencies trying to provide space to meet the camping boom. During the winter

they flock to the warmth of the Southwest, some of them staying the entire winter in one sunny campground. Monte E. Fitch Jr., superintendent of Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, which hugs the Mexican border, was forced to establish a 14-day camping limit because his campgrounds were so filled with old folks that there was no room for week-end campers with children.

"I hated to do it," he says, "but, after all, I don't think it is part of the national park idea to provide winter homes for our senior citizens. They took it as a personal affront. They not only gave me a bad time but they wrote to Washington."

By making long stops a camping couple can live on very little, especially if they have no other home to maintain. More and more thousands are finding this out. At special gatherings as many as 500 trailers will assemble at one place. And talk about independence! No more of this sponging on son John or daughter Mabel. These old folks are out in the sunshine having the time they dreamed about, while the younger citizens are working and raising children. If they want to see John or Mabel they set up in the nearest campground and invite them for the weekend.

At the western end of the area is a camp of bear hunters, some of the many who are roaming the northern Michigan woods during the three-day season. Their tent is brown, worn and patched, contrasting to the gay umbrella tents, pup tents and elaborate bungalow-type tents that dot the rest of the campground. On a makeshift table beside their smoldering fire are unwashed dishes, a greasy frying pan, cans of food and an open catsup bottle. On the whole, theirs is a sloppy camp.

Seven large, sad-faced hounds are tied to trees near the bear hunters' tent. The dogs doze or sit staring at the hunters. Dogs and men chased a bear for three hours this morning, only to have it get away. The hunters are tired and unshaven and their trouser legs are torn from the long chase through the underbrush. It is obvious that the camping experience is not uppermost in their minds. They are seeking the bear-hunting ex-

perence, and so far it has not worked out so well.

A man in his 50s, a novice camper type who even wears a necktie, approaches me and says "Pardon me, but why have those campers brought so many dogs with them?"

"They're bear hunters," I reply.

"Bear hunters?" The man is flabbergasted.

"Sure. They've been running a bear all morning but he got away."

"Bear hunters," the man repeats incredulously. "Oh, I must go tell Brainerd." He is off at almost a run and soon I see him across the campground talking excitedly to Brainerd, a youth in spectacles.

By midmorning Three Lakes Campground is a busy forest community, a gay lakeside village whose inhabitants devote all their energies to enjoying themselves or lie under trees enjoying themselves by expending no energy at all. Fathers who have brought along boats on trailers or cartops now depart to seek the wily walleye. Mothers lead their broods down to the lakeshore, standing lifeguard as the children paddle in the cold, clear water. Some make fuss around camp, fiddling with endless gadgets.

There is constant visiting back and forth. Total strangers discuss personal problems with the frankness of old friends. A short, stocky man comes up to me and after a few preliminary remarks he asks, "Does your wife like this camping business?"

"Takes to it like a duck," I tell him. "Wants to spend the rest of her life wandering the wilds of America."

"My wife don't like to rough it," he says, frowning. "All she likes to do is sit at home in front of the TV. I call her Curbstone Sarah. All she wants to do is sit. I tell her, 'Well, if you don't like it, why don't you stay home.'" She says, "I want to be with you." So she always comes along. Oh, she's a pretty good Joe but I only wish she liked this outdoors stuff more. Say, I'll bring her over and introduce her to your wife. Maybe some of it will rub off."

There is a growing school of opinion that Americans have become surly and ill-tempered; that they won't give you the time of day even if they've got a watch. This school holds that the pressures of the machine age are bearing down upon our citizens so hard they haven't got time for old-fashioned courtesy; that they seldom laugh unless they are trying to sell you something, that a snarl is replacing the American smile.

Our three and a half months in the nation's campgrounds indicate that this is a lot of poppycock. A man may be a Scrooge back in the hazy marts of trade but when that same man shows up in a campground the nicer things inside him begin to bubble to the surface. He becomes jovial, generous and eager to help his fellow man without thought of compensation. Campers are forever giving each other things or lending their most cherished gadgets. Incidents in campgrounds over the country have given my wife and me a renewed faith in American kindness. A man from San Diego saves firewood to take on his desert vacation and then insists on giving me a third of it. A man in the mountains of New Mexico gives us six trout and later I learn these were the only ones he caught. A city fireman from Los Angeles comes up and says, "My wife and I are going out in our hunt. Would you like to come along?" A man says, "I didn't use all the gasoline I brought for my boat, so why don't we pour it in your car." Such incidents are commonplace in campgrounds.

As the afternoon wears on, new arrivals roll into the glade. Children erupt from a goodly share of the vehicles. Opening a station wagon in which small children have been riding all day is like opening a crate of apes. They emerge with a bound and hit running. They climb trees, boulders or anything else climbable, they shout and wrestle, anything to release the inordinate amounts of energy held in restraint during the long drive. Fathers, mothers and older children go about the chores of setting up camp. This doesn't take long. Trailers are simply unhitched, leveled and are ready for business. Umbrella tents, the most popular, are put up in a matter of minutes. Larger tents take longer, but in such cases there are usually

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Crowded Land

more helping hands. As the newcomers are getting set up they are subjects of secret scrutiny. In a campground, as anywhere else, it is rude to stare but there is great curiosity among the neighbors. They cast fleeting glances or find some excuse to stroll around casing the newcomers. The latter are not fooled by this. They call out greetings and the talk starts.

Now, as the shadows deepen, the air is filled with other characteristic sounds: the dull thud of hand axes on tent pegs; the hiss-click, hiss-click rhythm of gasoline stoves being pumped up; radios going inside tents and trailers; a group of youngsters singing, *Down by the Old Mill Stream*, *Rock Around the Clock* or some other favorite number of our changing culture, and everywhere there is talk and laughter—plenty of both.

With the coming of night the intense,

white glare of gasoline lanterns clashes with the yellow glow of campfires as dishes are washed and campsites tidied up. Campground sounds diminish and the gasoline lanterns go out one by one. Softer lights glow through trailer windows. Now and again there is the hiss of rising steam as a campfire is doused with water.

The campers at Three Lakes have turned in for the night. Once again all is quiet in the Lund of Hiawatha. Thin moonlight filters through the pines and birches, barely outlining the odd shapes of the tents and vehicles. Inside them the modern campers are sleeping on mattresses of foam or air. Their bellies are full of well-cooked grub and they have had plenty of recreation as an antidote to the rigors of urban living. They sleep soundly.

As the cool night moves in, the mists again rise from the lakes. From one lake comes a sound of hysterical laughter. Is it a loon or is it the ghost of the old Nokomis? If it is the old Nokomis she had just better pipe down. This is no laughing matter. This is the great American camping public, growing in numbers beyond all estimates of the planners and already constituting a vital aspect of the changing life of this nation.

END

The late dean of British golfing writers recalls some historic matches by the leading ladies of the links by **BERNARD DARWIN**

A Deal of Queens and Clubs

I have seen many great golf clashes between American and British heroines and feel I am entitled to a reasonably privileged judgment of the ones I remember best. The judgment is limited, not to say biased, by the fact that I have never watched the important matches in America. There is, too, a sad gap that can never be filled: I was not at Gullane in 1947 and never saw Mrs. Zaharias play.

My first view of illustrious ladies in action was at Turnberry, Scotland in 1921, in the very first round of the Ladies' Championship, between Miss Cecil Leitch, then the British champion, and Miss Alexa Stirling, who was the American champion in 1916, 1919 and 1920. It was by unkind fortune that they met so early and doubly hard on Miss Stirling that she should face such unconscionable weather. Miss Leitch was that day a dominating figure who seemed to ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm. There have been one or two players who revelled in rough weather. J. H. Taylor, with chin stuck out and cap pulled well down, was one of them, and now Miss Leitch, facing the rainstorm as though she could drive it away with a golf club, seemed another. Miss Stirling was a beautiful golfer, but the weather and her adversary were alike overpowering.

In the final of that 1921 Ladies' Championship Miss Leitch beat Miss Joyce Wethered. The next year Miss Wethered had an ample revenge and, until she retired, she was the outstanding figure in women's golf. Miss Leitch challenged her bravely at Troon in 1925 in a match that ought to have been declared a tie—a 37th hole was a mockery. And with Troon, I come to Miss Wethered's great American rival, Miss Glenna Collett. They met in the third or fourth round and Miss Wethered drew away after being pressed, and won almost comfortably, but Miss Collett's quality was plain to see. She had a free, round swing

continued



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Queens and Clubs *continued*

and a rapid movement—I can only call it a flicker—of her left foot.

It was four years before the two met again. They played at St. Andrews, and the draw arranged that the two should fight out the final. All Britain believed their heroine invincible, and she did win, and that greatly, but what a shock we had! On the day of that final, a non-golfer—there are such even in St. Andrews—saw a postman on his rounds who, without a word of preface, exclaimed in a tone of utter gloom, "She's 5 down." And so she was, for Miss Collett, faultless up to the greens and diabolical on them, ran right away going out. Soon afterward she had to putt to be 6 up. People still argue as to what would have happened had she holed it. She missed it—and by lunchtime Miss Wethered was hard on her enemy's heels. By the turn in the afternoon it looked like Miss Wethered's match. But then Miss Collett spurred most gloriously and anything might have happened but for a gallant putt by Miss Wethered on the 15th green. As it was she won by 3 and 1, a match of efforts as brave, and fluctuations as palpitating, as were ever seen.

Beat of the ladies

Miss Wethered was incomparably the best woman golfer I ever saw. Making due allowance for the handicap of sex, I put her with the Joneses and the Vardons and Hogans, in the highest class of all. I have played a good deal with her both as partner and opponent; indeed I was one of the seven different partners with whom she won the classic Woeplesdon Mixed Foursomes—eight times in 15 years. Only on the green, where the greatest are human, was a partner likely to be aware of her limitations. But nobody could want a more helpful ally, cheerful and yet serious. She once said that she found it an antidote to golfing "nerves" to see the humor of it all, and she lived up to it.

It is hard to picture a player's style for those who have not seen her. Perhaps I can do so by a little story, which may or may not have happened. When she was engaged to Sir John Heathcoat-Amory she went to Devon to stay with his people and played golf at Tiverton. The ladies of Tiverton came out to see her and concluded that she did not pivot, and set out to reform what they were pleased to call their swings. Of course, it was a delusion; the champion had a

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fine, free body turn, but it was managed so quietly and smoothly as nearly to escape notice. At one time she used to keep her left foot firmly on the ground, though later she allowed it a little orthodox movement. She is seldom seen on a course today—she is almost the same age as Bobby Jones—but now and again there is a glimpse of her at Blairgowrie in Perthshire. The swing may be just a little shorter and quieter, but the genius, they tell me, is still there.

The only time I ever saw Miss Wethered play almost badly was in the first Curtis Cup match at Wentworth, Surrey



FREE-SWINGING Glenn Collett lost a close one to Miss Wethered at St. Andrews in 1929.

in 1932. She and Miss Wanda Morgan met Mrs. Vare (Miss Collett that was) and Mrs. Opal Hill. They made the saddest mess of the last hole and lost by 1. America won the other two foursomes as well, and it is interesting that in international matches Americans, who play no foursomes, beat Britons, who do, more severely than in singles. It confirms my opinion that much nonsense is talked by those who make a mystery of foursome play. When all is said the ball "must be hit." In the afternoon our leader was herself again and beat Mrs. Vare by 6 and 4. We had some good young players that year, notably Miss Enid Wilson, later a triple champion, and Miss Diana Fishwick, who at 19 had stood up to Miss Collett at Farnham

in the 1930 Championship and saved her country.

But the player remembered best from that first cup match was Miss Virginia Van Wie I never saw her again, but she remains in my memory as having one of the two or three most perfectly graceful swings I ever saw. She won three American championships and in one of them outrageously beat Mrs. Vare by 10 and 8, but I doubt if anybody could have been as good as she looked.

Four years passed, and in 1936 the Curtis Cup was played at Gleneagles. I was not there but, of necessity, at St. Andrews, where we only heard the news at intervals—mostly dismal news. Hope had apparently fled, but then word came by telephone that Wee Jessie Anderson had holed a huge putt right across the home green to halve the match. That was the first appearance in the Curtis Cup of Miss Anderson, later Miss Valentine. Not very large but with a great heart, she is a resilient competitor, and in the 1956 Curtis Cup match, 20 years after her first cup appearance, won the No. 1 singles match at Sandwich from Pat Lesser of the U.S.

The war brought a long interruption of 10 years, and with the first postwar cup match at Birkdale in 1948, there came naturally many new names. On the American side, Miss Suggs, Miss Lenczyk, Miss Kirby, and one who strikes me as having all the qualities of a warrior, Miss Polly Riley, on the British side, Miss Jean Donald and Miss Philomena Garvey, later one of the country's leading women golfers. It was the old story, the Americans getting their noses in front in the foursomes and fiercely continuing in the singles. Miss Garvey did nobly to halve with Miss Suggs and Miss Donald to defeat Miss Kirby; otherwise our score was as blank as our faces. There was a great Championship final at Royal Lytham that year between the ladies who have since turned professional—Miss Suggs and Miss Donald. Everyone had been impressed by Miss Suggs, and rightly, but Miss Donald would not let her go. Miss Donald had a putt to win the match but took 3 and lost it. It was as close as that.

I have been waiting a long time to tell you of the match at Muirfield in 1952 and our first Curtis Cup victory (we tied in 1936). Scotland is the country in which to watch internationals. It breeds a fierce and yet an educated fervor, and coachloads of spectators poured in. For once we made a fine beginning—one

continued

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Queens and Clubs *continued*

match to the good in the four-somes. Next day all seemed set fair until there came a hole that I never shall forget as long as I live. Miss Donald, playing confidently and well, was several holes up on Miss Kirby on their second round and was going to be another hole up if she played a simple shot along the ground to the green. But in an unaccountable lapse of judgment Miss Donald took a much-lofted club, though a strong wind was blowing toward out of bounds. The ball was swept over the wall and the hole lost. Miss Kirby leaped tigerishly at her chance. Back came the holes to all square with one to go, and Miss Kirby hit a grand second shot with one of her woods to win hole and match.

Hopes had been high and now plunged to the depths. Gradually it became clear that Miss Elizabeth Price of Britain and Miss Grace DeMoss of America, playing the sixth and last singles, made up the moving combination around which all centered. Miss Price was very tired, and Miss DeMoss also had obviously had all she wanted. One of the two must crack, and it was Miss DeMoss, Miss Price, gaining strength from imminent victory, won by 3 and 2, and so we had taken our first Curtis Cup match from the U.S.—5 points to 4.

After Merson had seen the jog trot of American victory comfortably resumed, came a second British win at Prince's, Sandwich. I began this look-back with a fearful storm at Turnberry, but this one at Sandwich was still more furious. Such pelting rain, such bitter blasts of wind were seldom felt, and indeed I did not venture out to feel many of the blasts, being older than at Turnberry by 35 years. It was appalling, but it brought out the fighting qualities of the American team, some of whom at least had never dreamed of golf in such a tempest. The old rule held good, and they gained that odd 1 point in the four-somes, worth diamonds and rubies, to carry over to the second day. And they did look good! Miss Margaret Smith, a golfer of immense power; Miss Remack, tiny but compact, steady in a wind that might have blown her to the ends of the earth; Miss Lesser, mechanically sound.

The next day—the day of the singles—was fair enough, and for a while things seemed this way and that. By midday both sides were holding their own: Miss Smith was leading Miss Gar-

vey. Miss Lesser was 2 up on Mrs. Valentine who was missing putts. The British had two points at the tail end—through Miss Price and Miss Angela Ward (who is now the wife of a Walker Cup player, Michael Bonallack)—but where was that one extra point coming from? Mrs. Valentine began her great recovery and ran right away from Miss Lesser, the natural against the artificial player. Finally, after agonizing ups and downs, it was clear that all depended on Mrs. Roy Smith (better known as Buntie Stephens) and stouthearted Miss Polly Riley. It was all square with one hole



RESILIENT COMPETITOR Wee Jessie Anderson defeated Pat Lesser at Sandwich in 1936.

to play: a drive and a high iron shot to a plateau green. Miss Riley sliced her second, and now Buntie ought not to lose. Mrs. Smith played the wholly perfect shot. The ball pitched by the hole and ran eight or nine feet past. With two for the match she was a foot short. Then she popped the next one in. Mrs. Valentine rushed out and hugged her and the crowd was delirious. It had been the ideally dramatic ending! All the other matches were finished, and here had been the supreme crisis.

I write, of course, as an unabashed partisan. Mrs. Smith's was not in itself a desperately hard shot, but she hit it absolutely true and clean and straight. It was a golfer's opportunity—and she made superb use of it.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

With the score tied, Twins runners on first and second, two out in the sixth inning and a 3-2 count on Don Mincher, Washington Manager Mickey Vernon tried some ingenious strategy. He ordered, so all could see, an intentional fourth ball. The plot: while Mincher stood idly by, Benjie Daniels would cross him up with a sneak third strike. Unfortunately, Daniels missed. Mincher walked, and the Twins scored five times. Things got so bad that Jimmy Piersall asked to be benched. "I'm just plain lousy," he explained. Most of the **Los Angeles** hitters could have said the same, for they hit .249. Only good pitching by Don Lee and Dean Chance, the first two Angels to throw complete games back to back, kept the Angels in fifth place. After being knocked out of the box for the fourth straight time, Bo Belinsky said, "I had good stuff, but I wasn't right mentally." Detroit Manager Bob Schefeling, suffering three one-run losses, had an additional worry. Would Frank Lary's shoulder ever mend? During one bright spot in the week, Charlie Maxwell got two RBIs on a sacrifice fly when one runner scored from third and Jake Wood dashed all the way home from second. Willie Kirkland of Cleveland got eight RBIs in two games and hit .625. Bridge-playing Manager Mel McGaha had little time for his favorite avocation but was able to smile over a small slam (a three-run home) by Kirkland that put the Indians back in second place. New York players hit eight homers to help the Yankees take first place. But it was the Yankees' three shutouts in a row that had opposing hitters blink. Myopic in the field was Baltimore's Jackie Brandt. When asked why he rushes in on fly balls and then slows to almost a walk to make the catch, he answered, "When I run hard my eyeballs jump up and down. I have to slow down so I can draw a bead on the ball." Catcher Darrell Johnson was sidelined with muscle spasms caused by a salt deficiency. In Kansas City the deficiency was more serious—runs. The Athletics, who had been averaging five runs a game, scored just eight and lost four of five games. Boston had run trouble, too. It scored plenty (19 in two games), but it managed to give up more, and it had man trouble. Gary Genger went out with a concussion, Chuck Schilling with a fractured index finger and Carl Yastrzemski, a 380-hitter at home, hit .200 on the road. "I can't eat when I'm away," Yastrzemski lamented, and vowed he'd see a doctor. After losing 1-0 and 2-1 games and

missing a chance to move into the first division, Chicago Manager Al Lopez was ready for his own doctor—the losses were to a pair of former White Sox pitchers, Ken McBride of the Angels and Jack Krulik of the Twins. Kralchik, Jim Kaat and Joe Bonkowski pitched consecutive complete games and, although Minnesota's three homers were its lowest weekly output of the season, the team won four of six.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

A ball in the hand is worth two in the glove. Chicago's Don Cardwell found out. Fearful that hitters were reading his pitches, he had been winding up with the ball in his glove, then snatching it out at the last instant to make his pitch. Last week he went back to his old delivery and after winning said, "I feel better with the ball in my hand." Charlie Metro took over as head coach and said, "I'm a driver." It was Los Angeles' Walt Alpton who was in the driver's seat, however. His Dodgers won five of eight and were in first place. Houston, in need of flying accommodations out of Pittsburgh, rented the Dodgers' other driver, Captain Bump Holman, and LA's \$2.5 million jet. It was a good investment. Back in Houston, the Colt .45s beat the Dodgers 13-1. Roman Mejias, who hit only 17 homers in six seasons with the Pirates, got his 16th of the year. "I can't help it," he said. "I feel so strong." Pittsburgh hitters should have felt so good. They batted .253. Dick Stuart, batting .247, was the ball of this local gag. "I hear Stuart's in the hos-



EX-BATTING CHAMPS who hit well way Red Sox. Pete Ranney (.500 BA) and Colt .45s' Billy Goodman (game-winning pitch single)

pital for an operation." "What for?" "He's having the bot taken off his shoulder." Actually, a three-run homer by Stuart gave the Pirates their lone win in eight games. New York won twice, ending a 17-game losing streak. Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson, in Europe, got daily cables on the Mets' games, and her chauffeur sent her completed scorecards for each home game. Manager Reddie Hutchinson of Cincinnati did not need anyone to tell him what the score was; it was against his Reds. They lost five in a row before Bob Purkey won his 16th game. Even so, patrons danced in the aisles at Crosley Field as a 24-piece twist band played between innings on Youth Night. St. Louis players, after ending an eight-game losing string, were making music of their own with a five-game winning streak. During a clubhouse celebration Gene Oliver played a ukulele. Stan Musial rapped-rattled with two coat hangers against a stool and Curt Flood clapped together a pair of shoe treads. The sweetest music of all, though, came after the most off-key incident of the year. Ray Sadecki, fined \$250 by Manager Johnny Keane for "the poorest exhibition of effort I've ever seen on a major league diamond" (itching audaciously and fielding worse), he faced five Cincinnati batters, made two errors and gave up five runs; was given a starting assignment anyway and pitched a man-sized, gritty 8 4 win over the Giants. San Francisco, despite a slumping Orlando Cepeda and a homer-or-bust Willie Mays, scored plenty of runs but managed to lose four of six. Philadelphia, by contrast, enjoyed a pleasant week for a change, winning four of six. Tony Taylor, after an off season in 1961, was fielding superbly and hitting .279. His steady play, plus .409 hitting by John Callison, a shutout by Cal McLish and four-batters by Art Mahaffey and Dennis Bennett, revitalized the Phillies. Tony Gonzalez had been hitting .335 when someone convinced him his uniform number (22) was a jinx. He switched to No. 25 and last week batted .174. Milwaukee got a lift in more ways than one when the county board switched its decision and allowed fans to carry beer and other beverages into County Stadium. The Braves won their first doubleheader in almost a year, and the distributors of sprockets had a handy selling spot.

END

FEWEST WALKS PER 9 INNINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	BB	AVG
Mystic Del	76	13	1.56
Foxford West	88	22	2.50
Tony RF	89	27	3.04
Douglass Gas	85	31	3.62
Sheldon RF	84	45	5.31
NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	BB	AVG
Jack Mad	94	12	1.15
Brannan SL	87	22	1.81
Johnny Moss	87	22	1.15
St. Louis SF	88	29	3.26
Rock, RF	72	16	2.00

MOST STRIKEOUTS PER 9 INNINGS

AMERICAN LEAGUE	IP	SO	AVG
Johnny LA	20	57	2.33
Elvada Ball	19	64	3.37
Popeye Ball	17	54	3.15
Del. Carr	48	38	1.56
Peters Ch	49	53	1.91
NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	SO	AVG
Rodrigue LA	187	132	11.10
Fordham SL	70	68	3.14
Johnny Moss	87	65	2.57
Sheldon SL	85	60	2.31
O'Dell SF	69	72	2.78

Based statistics through Saturday, Aug. 6

THE READERS TAKE OVER

PRO LUCAS

Sirs:

If the majority of people are as snide, cynical and sarcastic as those who wrote in about Jerry Lucas and his decision to turn pro (19TH HOLE, June 4), he is wasting—on a lot of undeserving clods—the finest combination of character, intelligence and skill to come along in sports for some time.

DALE DONOVAN

Willoughby, Ohio

Sirs:

The comments concerning the article by Jerry Lucas (19th Hole, June 4) are the most infuriating and disgusting evidences of money-mad Americans I've read for a long time. Greed is the main reason for our world situation today, and it's really sad to think that some of our fellow Americans can misinterpret such a fine all-American decision as Jerry Lucas has made.

There was an excellent article and decision. My hat is off to Jerry Lucas and all the rest of the all-American citizens like him who put principles and spiritual values first and look beyond the temptation of a dollar.

MARJORIE L. PRICE

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

I sure can't see why Lucas deserves the criticism he is getting. For a man who has represented his country with distinction twice in Europe, both on and off the court, it sure doesn't make sense to me.

If Jerry never makes a point for the Papers, he will always be tops with me.

ELWOOD HANZ

Alliance, Ohio

GIANT KILLER

Sirs:

I think your Walter Bingham is crazy, like in the head. Who does he think he is to say the San Francisco Giants will fail again (*The Giants' Boom and Bust*, June 4)? He compares this year's team to the team of 1959. This is a poor comparison because the '59 Giants were plagued with gaping holes at key positions and a weak pitching staff. The '62 version of the Giants is a solid bunch of performers who work well as a team. Cepeda, Mays, Alou & Co., in this man's opinion, will walk away with the NL pennant and meet either the Twins or the Yankees in October.

DICK ERICKSON

Mound, Minn.

Sirs:

Let Mr. Bingham not waste his sympathy on us poor long-suffering San Franciscans, what with our wallowing team and "other assorted ills" of Candlestick Park. Going to the ball game is still a matter of choice and, since 1958, park and all, the Giants have provided us with a good brand of baseball, which we here appreciate. If I were paranoid, I would think that your magazine has it "in" for our city, what with the recent piece of fiction "debanking" the legend of SF and now this, but, as it is, only a small percentage of people here know that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* even exists, so that in truth your articles have the effect of a fly on a dinosaur.

ARTHUR CARAGONE JR., M.D.

San Francisco

Sirs:

Heh! While the Dodgers lost two to the Phils, the Giants took three straight from New York. We'll see who's laughing when the Giants win the pennant and then beat the Yankees four straight in the Series.

PETER APPLINSON

Great Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

Congratulations to Walter Bingham for an unbiased report. We fans in the Bay Area have come to accept the fact that Memorial Day is the beginning of the end for Dark's Bombers. Our only hope is that more articles like this will shock the Giants just enough to bring us the pennant that we have patiently waited for and richly deserve.

KENT ANDERSON

San Jose, Calif.

ON THE SPOT

Sirs:

May I say how much I appreciated your article on Strathspcy (*River of Wines*) and Suffolk, June 4. Having recently visited this area, I can fully endorse all you have said about it.

One particular place I would like to mention, however, is the Duke of Gordon Hotel in Kingsville. The new owner, Bill Paterson, a former international snocor star (who, incidentally, played for the Boston Athletic Club in the '30s), has a really fine place there.

P. D. HUMESON

Los Angeles

TALBERT'S ANGLES

Sirs:

The article by William F. Talbert (*The Strangest of Snagles*, June 4) was very well

enlightened

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illustrated. I have admired Talbert's playing for a number of years. However, I think his article lacks one thing—simplification.

Ten years ago when I was coaching the Howard University tennis team I attempted to advance the same ideas in my theory on how to win in singles—the main purpose being to reduce the angles of your opponent's shots and increase those of your own. This would not only put you in a better position for a return shot but also put your opponent in a poor position when attempting a return.

MAURICE JACKSON

Washington

RUFF CHANCE

SIR:

Although Charles Goren has won his Ph.D. in bridge many times over, we feel that he and his partner passed opportunity by with this hand, shown in *Catching the Right Card* (May 28).

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH			
♠ 8			
♥ A 7 3			
♦ K Q J 10 8 6			
♣ A 6 5			
WEST			
♠ 10 7 8 2			
♥ K Q J 4			
♦ 9 3			
♣ 10 3			
EAST			
♠ A K Q 9 5 4			
♥ 10			
♦ 7 4 3 2			
♣ Q 8			
SOUTH			
♠ 3			
♥ 5 4 6 5 2			
♦ A			
♣ A J 7 4 3 2			
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥	3 ♣
4 ♥	4 ♦	5 ♦	PASS
PASS			

A more logical bidding sequence that arrives at slam is:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	3 ♠	3 ♥	3 ♣
4 ♥	4 ♦	5 ♦	PASS
5 ♥	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

The key to this sequence is South's five-club bid, showing first-round control in the club suit. North now bids five hearts to show first-round heart control and to insure a good chance of making six diamonds. At this point seven diamonds may also be a possibility, since South may have first-round control of spades and enough material in the minor suits to produce 13 tricks. We feel that in a disciplined partnership such cue-bidding sequences should be virtually a standard affair; otherwise slams go out the window for lack of precise communication.

The success of this contract depends essentially on the lay of the diamond suit.

If the distribution of the outstanding diamonds is either 2-2 (probability .40696) or 3-1 with singleton queen (probability .12435) the total probability is .53131. This means declarer will fulfill his contract more than 50% of the time with 12 out of the following 13 tricks: six clubs, six diamonds, one heart. If spades aren't led, declarer can take all 13 tricks. Notice that the partnership has primary controls in hearts, diamonds and clubs and second-round control in the spade suit.

STORMY HORN
SPOOK HYDER

Boulder, Colo.

● As Dr. Goren sees it, while pure mathematics can easily be applied to a cold and open deck, the player at the table must rely mainly on what he hears. In this case the scientific formula discounts two important possibilities: a first-round ruff and the warning implicit in the bidding—and in the shape of South's hand—that normal distributions do not prevail (East or West may have a void). It is no crime to miss a slam when one's chance of making it is no better than 50%.—ED.

POINT'S PAUL

SIR:

The future looks bright for the Black Knights of the Hudson under their new coach, Paul Dietzel (*Pep'sent Paul at the Post*, May 28). In time, the wins on the football field should have a big edge over the losses. Whatever kind of record is made, however, it seems to me that West Point has suffered a loss which no string of victories can make up for—a loss of integrity.

How the nation's Military Academy could bring itself to persuade a coach under contract at another school to break his solemn word to that school passes comprehension. Would even victory over Navy justify that kind of piracy?

EDWARD J. O'CONNOR, S.J.,
Faculty Representative of
Athletics, Xavier University

Cincinnati

SIR:

Call him Pep'sent Paul or Phony Paul, he is a good coach and recruiter. But can any service academy recruit enough professional players?

Dietzel won the big ones and kept Johnny Vaughn's Ole Miss from winning the national championship the past four years by scores of 14-0, 7-3, 6-6 and 10-7. Mr. Vaughn was the happiest one to see Dietzel leave the SEC. If Dietzel can match this record against Navy starting in 1962, all Army fans will swear he parted the Hudson River. But if he loses three or four big ones only Paul will part.

TOM YOUNG

New Orleans

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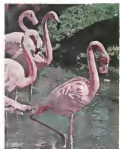
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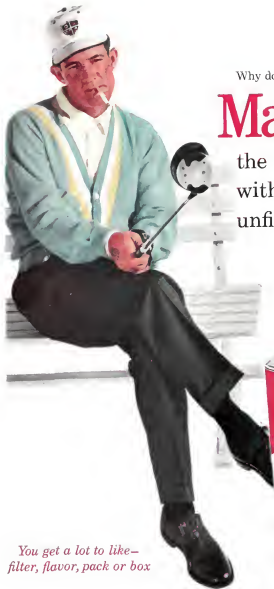
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